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THE BRIDE OF PARIS:

—OR,—

THE ROLL OF THE DRUM.

A Romance of the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, and the Days of Napoleon the Great.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

PLANS AND PROSPECTS. THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION.

"My story, sire," said the marquis, "is briefly told. The Bastille, pressed by rebels, has capitulated!"

"Capitulated!" cried the queen. "With its arms and munitions, and garrison! This is treason!"

The king said not a word.

"The Swiss held out gallantly," said the marquis, "until the Invalides refused to fire any longer on the mob."

"O, my gallant Swiss!" cried the queen. "Yes, they would be cut to pieces rather than yield an inch of ground. But how could De Launey have been faint-hearted?"

"De Launey, madam," said the marquis, "when all hope was gone, wished to fire the magazine, and blow the defenders and the assailants to atoms!"

"Would that he had done so!" cried the queen.

"Antoinette!" said Louis, in a tone of reproach.

"But where were the French guards, sir?" asked the queen.

"In the ranks of the mob, madam, serving the batteries against the royal fortress!"

"And how many of the *canaille*—of the mob—were there?" asked Marie Antoinette.

"Fifty thousand, at least, madam—in arms," answered the marquis.

"Ah!" said the king, roused from his lethargy, and with something of surprise in his mild eyes; "then it was a revolt?"

"Sire," said Armand, advancing, "it was a REVOLUTION!"

The word fell like a thunder-bolt. The king shrank back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands—the marquis darted an angry glance at his younger brother, and the queen sought to wither him with a look, for daring to express such sentiments unasked. Armand, himself, was not proof against that royal glance of indignation, and shrank back, blushing at the temerity into which his excitement had betrayed him.

Louis roused himself, and glanced from one to the other of the group with an air of irresolution and distress.

"What is to be done?" he asked.

"Take the counsel of a gallant soldier, sire," said the queen. "Paris is in the midst of a revolt, or a revolution, as this young gentleman will have it," she added, scornfully. "Let the marquis tell us what he would do in this emergency."

"Yes, yes," said Louis, quickly; "speak, marquis, what is to be done?"

"Sire," said the marquis, "Paris has revolted, it is true. But, thank Heaven! your majesty is not at the mercy of the mob. If your subjects of the capital are false, the hearts of the noblesse are still true to the altar and the throne. They ask no better fortune than to shed their blood in the defence of both. You have the nucleus of a splendid army here at Versailles—in a few hours you can concentrate forty thousand men devoted to your person and your cause—ay, and men trained to arms and with all the appliances of war. March them on the city and sweep this traitorous rabble from the face of the earth. Speak but the word, and in forty-eight hours the royal lilies shall float in triumph over the towers of Paris."

"But I cannot make up my mind to slaughter the poor people," said the king—"they love me."

"Love you!" exclaimed the queen. "Sire! what infatuation! They love you, and yet march against your fortresses and troops! Speak—marquis—what has become of the gallant De Launey?"

"Do not ask me, madam," said the marquis, with a shudder.

The queen turned pale as she noted the agitation of the soldier, but pressing her hand on her heart, as if to quell her emotions, she bade him reply to her question.

"De Launey, madam, is no more," said the marquis, gloomily. "His life was promised him, but he fell a victim to the ferocity of the rabble on whose attachment his majesty appears to rely. Dragged from his protectors, he fell, covered with wounds—and—but do not ask me to tell more."

"Yes, speak the whole truth," said the queen, imperatively.

"Then, madam, his head, severed from his bleeding body, was paraded, a ghastly trophy, on the end of a pike."

"Does your majesty ask more?" cried the queen, with flashing eyes—"to arms! to arms!"

Tears which he could not suppress, stood in the eyes of the unhappy monarch. After a moment's painful silence, he turned to the chevalier.

"This young man has not spoken," said he. "There is an air of sincerity and intelligence about him, that pleases me. Speak, chevalier, what think you of your brother's plan?"

"I disapprove of it entirely," said Armand, who had been burning for an opportunity to be heard. "My brother knows less of the people of Paris than I do. A younger son, I have been thrown more among them than he has. And I affirm, upon my own knowledge, that the people of Paris do love your majesty. They attribute their sufferings and wrongs to your majesty's unfaithful servants, and not to the ill will of their king. The people of France are patient and long-suffering, but they cannot endure forever. For generation after generation, they have gone on from bad to worse. Ground down by taxes, they have bowed beneath their burthens. When the officers of the law have driven off their cattle, have deprived them of their means of tillage, because their harvests were insufficient to pay the impost, they have said, 'Ah, if the king only knew this.' Their king! they have placed him next to their God in their hearts. They love you, sire, still—they pray for you—they hope, they trust in you. They hold you in their heart of hearts. Ah, sire! listen not to those who would counsel you to visit them in their misery and their despair with fire and sword. Go among them—listen to the story of their wrongs. Be to them a friend—a father. Your presence is needed at Paris—not at the head of an army—not with bristling bayonets and drawn sabres around you, but alone—unattended—your life-guard is the heart of the nation!"

"Do not listen to such counsel, sire," said the queen, before Louis could reply. "This boy would push you to your ruin. How dare you, sir, counsel his majesty to trust himself in that Maelstrom of fiery passions, knowing the events of this day? Whence came you that you give such counsel? Tell the king that."

"Alas, sire!" said Armand, "I know too well the wrongs of the people—for I was one of the prisoners of the Bastille."

"Of the Bastille!" echoed the startled monarch.

"Ay, sire! Why or wherefore I was incarcerated, I know not—but a *lettre de cachet* consigned me to the dungeon, as it has done many a better man before me."

"I know something of that matter, sire," said the queen, "for it was I that issued that mandate, at the request of the Duchess de Preville."

"Of my own mother!" exclaimed Armand, aghast.

"You were accused of conspiring against the peace of the realm," said the queen, sternly.

"The charge was unfounded, madam," replied the young man. "The utmost I have done was to sympathize with the sufferings of the people. I never counselled or aroused resistance. But here I stand—at the mercy of my sovereign. I sought not to avail myself of the freedom afforded me, by the fall of the Bastille. And now let your majesties order my re-arrest, and I abide the royal judgment."

"No," said Louis, nobly. "The sentiments you have uttered, your air and manner, exonerate you fully in my eyes. You are free to go whither you list. But if you are willing to serve me, I will this moment give you a commission in your brother's regiment."

Armand bowed low, and expressed his thanks. "But," said he, "I think I can serve your majesty better by exerting what influence I possess among the people. Let me go among them and assure them of your majesty's good will. Let me tell the electors that your majesty will visit Paris, hear their complaints, and aid them in their struggle against poverty and oppression. Believe, me, sire, words of love, like oil upon the waters, will quell this tempest—while an armed demonstration will rouse the citizens to fury—and the very pavements of the streets, and the tiles of the roofs will furnish arms against your troops. Throw yourself into the revolution, and you can control it; oppose it, and you are lost."

"Give him no encouragement, sire," said the queen, with flashing eyes. "Make no treaty with rebels. Descendant of St. Louis, trust to the keen swords and brave hearts of your loyal subjects. Listen to no counsels that would lower your dignity an iota."

The king make a deprecatory gesture with his hand, then, turning to the chevalier, he said:

"Go, young man—tell my good, but misguided people of Paris, that their king loves them—that their sufferings afflict his heart, and that he will do all in his power to alleviate them."

"Bid me, sire," said the chevalier, "tell them also that you will soon be among them—that the father of his people will not longer keep aloof from them."

"I will think of that," said the king, irresolutely. "I will think of it."

"Heaven grant that you will decide to visit Paris!" said the young man.

He stooped, kneeled before the king, raised his hand respectfully to his lips, and then withdrew.

"I have acted for the best, Antoinette," said Louis, apologetically, to the queen.

Marie Antoinette vouchsafed no reply. An awkward pause was interrupted by the announcement of the Count de Clermont.

An aged man, with a venerable and handsome countenance, was ushered into the presence of their majesties. He met with a cordial welcome.

"I come, sire," said the old nobleman, "to offer you my services."

"You are welcome," said Louis. "We have not seen you at court for many years."

"No, sire," replied the count. "Years and infirmities and secret sorrows have kept me away from scenes of festivity and rejoicing. But at this hour, when clouds are gathering over head, it becomes all true friends of the throne to rally round it. And thus, though I trust that a pacific policy will prevail in your councils, I have come to offer you my sword, if you need the arm of an old soldier of the crown."

"We thank you," said the king, "but trust that we shall not have occasion for your services. I trust that peace will soon be restored to your unhappy city. In the meantime, as you are old and feeble, perhaps you had better await the result of events here, than in that vortex of revolt. Versailles is yet a secure refuge for the faithful servants of the crown. I shall need your counsel if not your sword. If forced to fight, there are youthful arms enough to spare us the gray heads for counsel. Adieu, and remember that you are the guest of Louis."

He extended his hand to the salute of the old nobleman, who retired from his presence. Then, taking the hand of the queen, Louis saluted the Marquis de Preville gracefully and left the room. As their majesties were passing out, the queen made a private signal to the marquis to remain.

The latter, left alone, paced the apartment with long strides. His heart beat high within his breast. He spurned the idea of a pacific solution to the public troubles. His courage rose at the prospect of battle, as the trained war horse exults in the clangor of the trumpet sounding the charge. Then, too, the marked preference and confidence of the queen, to whose party he belonged, inflamed his personal hopes and ambition. He awaited impatiently the return of Marie Antoinette.

In a few moments the door by which she had disappeared re-opened, and, closing it behind her she advanced to the young soldier.

"The king is irresolute," said she; "but I will inspire him with courage and decision. He must not go to Paris except at the head of an army, to chastise those rebels."

"Ah!" cried the marquis with sparkling eye, "if we had only your majesty to lead us."

The queen smiled.

"At least, my counsels may guide you," she said. "You have read that women rule everything, because they rule those who govern everything! My heart will never fail before the stormiest aspect of revolt. And tell your brother soldiers, that their swords shall not rust with my will."

"Their swords and hearts are at your service, madam," said the marquis, laying his hand on his sword.

"Let me see that loyal sword," said the queen. "Nay, fear not that the daughter of Maria Theresa hesitates to look on a naked sword."

The marquis drew his sword from the scabbard, and holding it by the blade, presented the hilt to her majesty.

"It has no sword knot," said she. "Stay a moment." And unfastening a white satin ribbon, embroidered with gold sprigs from her neck, she tied it with her own fair hands to the grip of the sword.

"Now, take the weapon," said she. "God grant that our misguided people listen to reason, but if they provoke the arbitrament of the sword, their blood be on their heads!"

The marquis received his sword, decorated by the hands of the queen, and said: "This weapon is now sacred in my eyes, and I swear that I will never draw in a meaner quarrel than the defence of the altar and the throne."

Returning the weapon to its scabbard, he kneeled down, reverentially kissed the fair hand of the queen, and then retired, her most devoted partizan.

"Go—gallant de Preville," murmured the queen. "Would that all our subjects were as faithful as thou art!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONVENT OF ST. ELOIRE.

That night the chevalier Armand passed at Versailles, but the next morning early, he was on the road to Paris, and went directly to the city hall, where he was well-known, and where the electors were in session. The general wish in Paris was for the presence of the king; and Armand was enabled to hold out hopes of its being gratified. To the electors and the people, he enlarged on the sympathies and good intentions of the king, suppressing, from considerations of policy and respect, the angry counsels which the queen had permitted to escape her lips, in a moment of excitement.

In the course of the morning, information having been brought to the electors that a quantity of arms was concealed in the convent of St. Eloire, Armand, who was involved, almost in spite of himself, in the revolutionary movement, was appointed one of a committee, to proceed to the establishment, and demand of the superior a surrender of the weapons.

This movement soon became known—for it was impossible to keep anything private, and the committee, which, comprised, among others, Villiers and Rochefort, members of the Secret Order, were escorted on their mission by large numbers of the populace, many of them armed with muskets and pikes.

The convent was a building of great antiquity, situated in a narrow street, the houses on both sides of which were so lofty, that their shadows made a twilight at noonday. The high walls reverberated the roar of drums beaten by lusty, unwashed hands at the head of the column, and the footfalls of a thousand feet.

Armand knocked at the portal.

"Who is there?" asked a trembling female voice, from within.

"A committee from the Hotel de Ville seeks admission to the convent," replied Armand.

"By what authority?"

"In the name of the nation."

"Do they refuse us admittance?" shouted a voice from the crowd. "Batter down the doors, then!"

"Patience, friends," said Armand, to the crowd. "This building is tenanted only by women."

At last a wicket in the great door was opened, and a veiled female appeared at it. It was the lady abbess.

"Sir," said she to Armand, "you appear to be a gentleman. If you will enter alone and communicate your business to me, I will unbar the door."

"My friends," said Armand, to the people, "is it your pleasure that I shall confer a few moments with the superior alone?"

"Ay—ay!" was the thundering response. "But don't keep us waiting long."

"I will use the utmost possible despatch," replied Armand. "But you will be patient till I return?"

"Ay—ay!" shouted the crowd.

The door was then cautiously unbarred, and Armand was admitted to a conference with the superior, a lady like personage of middle age.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," said Armand, saluting her with respect. "I come on official business which will soon be satisfactorily despatched, I trust."

"You come in the name of the king, I suppose?" said the abbess.

"No, madam. I come in the name of the people—the victors of the Bastille."

"And for what purpose?"

"To seek for the arms and powder deposited in the vaults beneath the chapel of St. Eloire."

"A strange place to look for arms, sir," replied the abbess, with a smile. "The abode of religion—the refuge of a few poor women."

"The fitter place for concealment," replied Armand.

"And what if I had arms!" said the abbess. "What if the servants of the king had commanded me to receive and to guard them!"

"Then, madam, you would have to give them up."

"Not without an order from the king!"

"The king does not rule in Paris to day," said Armand.

"Who then?"

"The people."

The abbess smiled incredulously.

"O, do not smile, madam," said Armand. "The nation now is a power to be feared. Yesterday the people were without arms. They went to the Hotel des Invalides and took them, in spite of Governor Sombreuil. Yesterday the Bastille menaced the people, and the people took the Bastille. Think you that if they braved the cannon of the Invalides, and the cannon of the Bastille, they will hesitate to ransack the defenceless convent of St. Eloire?"

"Sir," said the abbess, "in the early days of the church, Christian women, delicately nurtured, did not fear, in defence of the faith entrusted to their keeping, to confront the wild beasts of the Roman amphitheatre. The daughters of France are no less heroic in our day. And I shall know how to confront the raging multitude and endure their worst, sooner than betray my trust."

"But your religion does not counsel you an unavailing resistance," replied Armand. "Those furious spirits without cannot be controlled long. I pray you, therefore, to let me discharge my duty. It is useless to prevaricate. We know that there are weapons here. Tell me where they are hidden!"

"The utmost I can do is to permit you to search," replied the abbess. "But you must not ask me to aid you. Only promise me that you will respect the cells of the sisterhood."

"Where is the chapel?" asked Armand.

"At the extremity of this corridor."

"I will visit it then," said Armand. "In the meantime, let me tell you that many of the poor people without have not tasted food for twenty-four hours. If you have provisions to offer them they will be most gratefully received."

"The convent of St. Eloire," replied the abbess, "is poorer than it was of old—but it was never without the means of relieving the hungry. I will cause bread and wine to be given to the poor people."

Armand bowed, and passing along the stone-flagged corridor, entered the large and dimly-lighted chapel. It appeared deserted, and his footsteps echoed strangely as he approached the altar. But arrived at that spot he paused, for he had intruded on the privacy of a female, kneeling at her devotions. She seemed not to have heard him until he stood almost over her, for she started up suddenly, with an exclamation of alarm, and turning, displayed to his astonished eyes the features of Julie Fontange.

"Julie!" he exclaimed.

"Armand!"

"I little thought this pleasure was in store for me," said the young man. "I could learn nothing of your fate. I thought you had left France with my mother?"

"Would that I had!" said Julie, in a low tone.

"And yet, on the whole, I am glad," said Armand. "For my mother, alas! loves me not, and her influence might have estrayed even your heart from me."

"Do not—pray do not, Armand," said Julie, "say or think anything against your mother."

"I am forced to think it, Julie. It was through her means that I was sent to the Bastille."

"No—no—Armand!" cried Julie, with a look of terror; "unsay that—let me not think it was your mother sent you there."

"I have proof of it."

"Delusion! deception, believe me."

"Impossible. The queen herself told me so!"

Julie uttered a low moan, and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"This is too dreadful," she murmured. "And to save you, I—but how is it that you are at liberty? Did your mother relent?"

"No—her decisions are irrevocable. It was the armed people of Paris that opened the gates of my prison. But no matter—my sufferings were brief—I am at liberty, and I am with you once again."

"Never mind me, Armand," said Julie, sadly. "Speak only of yourself. "What is the meaning of that scarf with three colors that crosses your breast?"

"They are the colors of the nation, Julie—colors henceforth to be identified with the glory

and triumph of Right. But why will you force me to speak of public affairs? Let us give one moment to dearer themes. This place is not too sacred to hear the utterance of vows as pure as ours."

And Armand sought to take the young girl's hand. But she drew it back with a shudder.

"No, no," said she, wildly and hurriedly. "We must forget all the past. We were children—we wandered in a happy dream—we are awake—the vision is gone—that is all—that is all."

"It is you who are dreaming, now, Julie. What strange ideas have taken possession of you? Not two days have passed since we exchanged our vows."

"We were not our own masters, Armand."

"Julie, you torture me cruelly," said the chevalier. "My mother has left France—you are alone—I am your only protector, and yet you shrink from me as if I were an enemy. What is the meaning of this?"

"Leave me—leave me," said Julie, faintly. "Ah, if you knew how cruelly you torture me, you would go, without waiting to be entreated."

"Go! no, never will I forsake you—poor child. When the world around us was bright and peaceful, I was yours, and now amidst the storm of revolution, I am still your own."

"Pray go, Armand."

"You have ceased to love me!"

Julie turned her eyes, overflowing with tears upon her lover. There was so much of passionate tenderness mixed with despair in her expression, that while it checked his doubts, it bewildered and confused him.

"There is a dreadful mystery here," he said.

"Farewell, Armand,' said Julie, extending her hand, which was white and cold as marble. "Farewell—forget me—or no! do not forget me—but pray for me, as you would pray for a departed friend."

"You know not what you say, Julie," said Armand, more and more perplexed. "Let me send for a priest, and let us here and at once unite our fortunes."

"No priest would unite us, Armand," said Julie, sorrowfully.

"You are mistaken, Julie; under these circumstances and in these troubled times, the consent of parents and family would be dispensed with."

"No priest would unite us," repeated Julie, in the same sorrowful tone as before.

"Wherefore?"

"Heaven itself would forbid the union."

A sudden light broke in upon Armand. He grasped Julie's arm, and said:

"Forgetful of your love, you have listened to the suggestions of these women by whom you are surrounded. You have taken the veil—you are the bride of Heaven—hence you cannot be mine."

Julie shook her head.

"These ladies," said she, "are good and kind, they seek not to make proselytes."

"Then in the name of Heaven, why cannot you be mine?" cried Armand. "Is it—can it be that you love another?"

"No other, Armand. But—" she faltered.

"Speak, I entreat you."

"But," cried the poor girl, "I cannot tell you all—but this—which is indeed too much. I love you only—but *I am the wife of another!*"

Armand staggered back as if struck by a shot, and put his hand to his forehead. The pavement seemed to reel beneath his tread—the walls of the chapel whirled about him in a giddy dance, he lost his consciousness, and sank fainting on the marble floor.

When he recovered his senses, Julie was gone, but he was not alone. The populace, impatient of waiting, had forced the other members of the committee to lead them into the subterranean vaults of the convent. There, in the crypt, they had found the hidden arms and ammunition of which they were in search, and by a staircase which led to the first floor, they now poured into the chapel tumultuously, brandishing their muskets and shouting over their success.

Some of the foremost raised Armand in their arms and bore him into the air, but he revived so slowly that he had hardly gained his senses before the triumphal procession was entering the gateway of the Hotel de Ville. Then indeed he realized the locality, and with it flashed back upon his mind the blighting memory of his loss. Julie married to another! It was the death-knell of his hopes. Welcome, the wild storm of revolution! Welcome, civil war, if it must be! Dreams of peace had vanished with the radiant image that had smiled upon his early manhood. The idol was broken on the altar. When would the brightness of the past revive? A secret voice whispered in his ear—NEVERMORE!

CHAPTER X.

THE ORGY OF THE LIFE-GUARDS AT VERSAILLES. THE MARCH TO PARIS.

WHILE one of the brothers, in whose fortunes we have sought to interest our readers, threw himself into the popular ranks, seeking in the excitement of the revolution, to deaden the pangs of his heart-sorrow, the other, estranged from the people, was a leading spirit in the brilliant circle of Versailles, that yet rallied round the queen, fanatics in their loyalty and in their hatred of the popular cause.

On a memorable night the marquis received an invitation to the royal banquet given to the *gardes du corps*, the body guards, the officers of the regiment of Flanders and some others of the military. On this occasion, the magnificent theatre of the royal palace was turned into a banquet hall. Garlands of flowers festooned on the fronts of the boxes, a profusion of lights from a hundred glittering chandeliers, set the vast area in a blaze. The air was perfumed with the choicest exotic plants—a magnificent band performed the most enchanting music, and the long tables groaned with every luxury. Lovely women from the boxes and the balconies, showered their smiles on the young soldiers who lined the long tables, brilliant in their uniforms and courtly in their bearing. The theatre had not been used for such a purpose since the visit of the emperor, Joseph II.

Music, beauty, youth, flowers—ah! what a combination! In right royal profusion did the courses follow each other. In right royal profusion were the wines poured out from silver flagons into crystal cups by a crowd of servants in the liveries of Louis. Lest the wine flow and the music ring! Versailles feasts, while Paris is starving. At three leagues distance—nay, at the very palace gates—are women and children famishing. The plaintive moan of misery can never penetrate these gilded halls. The Marquis de Preville rises, glass in hand.

"To the king! Bumpers! Up, gentlemen, one and all."

A thousand men are on their feet. Goblets are clashed together. The bugles sound—the drums roll—shouts rend the air.

"The queen!"

Wilder the enthusiasm of the officers and soldiers—louder the blare of the trumpet and the roll of the drum.

"The dauphin!" shouts de Preville.

The air is rent with shouts in honor of the heir of France. And now the large doors at the entrance of the auditorium are thrown wide open, and the king and queen appear. It needed only this to raise the enthusiasm of the military to its height. The king had just returned from the chase, of which he was passionately fond, and was booted and spurred. His countenance, flushed with exercise, was more than usually animated, and as he glanced upon the gallant array of loyal gentlemen before him, his eyes lit up with pride and exultation. Never before had he looked so kingly. The queen, too, flushed and excited, seemed to have regained that dazzling beauty which distinguished her when she first rose like a "bright particular star" on the horizon of Versailles. In her arms she bore her child, and this circumstance touched the hearts that were already intoxicated by her smiles. The king and queen made the tour of the tables, often pausing to say a word to the officers and even to young men who had never been presented to them.

When standing beside the Marquis de Preville, the queen raised a glass of wine from the table and, touching it to her lips, passed it to the king.

"Gentlemen," said Louis, "I drink to the gardes du corps!"

A rapturous shout of applause burst from the ranks of the soldiery. Marie Antoinette glanced at the king. On his breast was pinned a tricolor cockade.

"This is no place," said she, "to wear that emblem of revolt."

And she plucked it from his breast and threw it on the floor. Wild shouts greeted this unwise—this rash and fatal act. Ere the applause had subsided, their majesties left the theatre.

"This glass," said de Preville, raising the wine-cup in his right hand, "from which the king and queen have drunk, shall never be profaned by meaner lips;" and throwing it over his head as he spoke, the crystal vessel was dashed to pieces.

The band now struck up the touching air—"O, Richard, O, my king! the world forsakes thee." De Preville silenced the players with a wave of his hand.

"We, at least, gentlemen," said he, "do not forsake the throne. Let who will wear the tricolored cockade, I mount the colors of the queen;" and tearing the tricolor from his hat he replaced it with the black cockade of Austria. Many of the officers followed his example—the black cockade having been liberally distributed among them. Those who did not assume the Austrian colors took off their tricolored cockades and replaced them with the white lining outward.

And now the wine circulated fast and furiously, for the ladies who had thus far graced the banquet had retired, and the soldiers were left to themselves. Deep drank the revellers—the music all the while playing the most exciting martial airs. At last the "March of the Hulans" rang out through the hall, and then the trumpets sounded a fierce charge. The mad revellers sprang to their feet and fought an imaginary foe. They scaled the boxes, as if mounting to the assault of a walled city. From the lobbies they rushed in Bacchanalian disarray to the Court of Marble. Here they stormed the great balcony and the inner posts, as if actually engaged with an enemy, and mad shouts of victory rent the midnight air. Almost till morning dawn the palace rang with the frenzied shouts of the life-guards and their allies.

But the next day saw a stranger spectacle yet. Thousands of the women of Paris, with a small proportion of men, led by a strange figure in black—Stanislas Maillard—marched to Versailles. The king was absent, hunting in the woods of Meudon. While they sent for him the drum beat to arms. The life-guards, bewildered from their orgy, sprang into their saddles and mustered in the Place d'Armes. The Flanders regiments, the dragoons and the Swiss Guards were ordered out. The National Guard of Versailles also appeared on parade.

The women went first to the assembly, and then sent a deputation to the king. Their cry was for bread. The king gave them a written order to send for breadstuffs and abolishing all obstacles for provisioning Paris. Meantime, the news from Paris was exciting. In the morning a vast multitude had filled the Hotel de Ville. Lafayette found in the Place de la Greve the National Guard assembled. From rank to rank the word went that they must march to Versailles. Mounted on his white horse, the hero of two worlds addressed the multitude and essayed to calm their perturbed spirits.

"General," said the giant Thuriot, who was found in every assembly of the populace, "the people want bread. Their sufferings have reached a crisis. The committee of subsistence have either deceived you or are themselves deceived. This state of things cannot last—there is only one thing to be done—we must go to head quarters—to Versailles. They say the king is an imbecile—then we will place the crown on the head of the dauphin—name a committee of regency, and all will go well."

Lafayette was pressed, not only by the National Guard, but by bands of ferocious men from the terrible faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau. They would listen to no argument, but by significant gestures, pointing to the lantern, threatened to hang the leader of the people. Some of them even levelled their muskets at his head.

Perplexed and foiled, Lafayette rode to the door of the Hotel de Ville, and dismounting from his horse, sought to enter and hold a conference with the municipal authorities. But his passage was barred by one of his own grenadiers.

"General," said the soldier, with a deep imprecation, "you shall stay with us."

Lafayette remounted. An order from the authorities was placed in his hand. He hastily glanced over it, and said, with regret:

"Well, then, since it cannot be helped—to Versailles."

"Versailles, Versailles!" was repeated joyfully from rank to rank.

"We will revenge the insult to the national cockade," said Gerard Lorraine, who was among the people, with his friends Villiers and Rochefort.

Fifteen thousand men of the National Guard, with as many more of the people, led by Lafayette on his white horse, took up the line of march for Versailles. A chill October rain was falling, but tens of thousands were collected on the line and cheered the troops on their passage.

Meanwhile, the king had assembled his council—but nothing was decided. The minister of Paris proposed that the queen should go to Rambouillet, and the king remain to fight, if necessary. Necker wanted the king to go to Paris, confide himself to the people and accept the revolution—the same advice given by Armand de Preville.

The queen wished to fly, but not alone. She wished the king with her that she might raise, in his name, the standard of civil war. The king was undecided, but finally the carriages were ordered for flight. A skirmish had taken place between the Royal Guards and some of the people, and the National Guards had taken part with the latter. The carriages ordered by the queen were not allowed to depart, and the king, pressed by many sources of anxiety, finally authorized the president of the National Assembly to announce his unqualified acceptance of the popular constitution which they had reported, and his adhesion to the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man. But these concessions were made too late, and at too troubled an hour to produce any effect. The Assembly, which had been invaded by the women of Paris, finally adjourned, late at night, the members seeking their homes, large numbers of the population from Paris, chiefly women, remaining in possession of the hall.

Lafayette, before entering Versailles, made his command renew their oath of fidelity to the king and the law. He was resolved to protect the royal family. As soon as he announced his arrival, the king sent word that he would see him with pleasure.

As he was passing to the royal presence, a courtier remarked:

"There goes Cromwell."

The reply of Lafayette, who overheard him, is historical.

"Sir," said the republican general, "Cromwell would not have entered alone."

At two o'clock in the morning the Life Guards were dismissed to their quarters. Lafayette, after assuring himself that all was quiet, worn out completely by twenty hours' active and anxious service, retired to a hotel, threw himself upon a bed and fell instantly asleep.

But all was not quiet. Among the sleepless multitude from Paris that prowled about the gates of the palace, there were too many ripe for pillage and carnage. At six o'clock in the morning, they forced or scaled the gates. While one column attacked the barracks of the body guard, another rushed into the palace and filled the passages leading to the royal apartments. Two of the body guard were cut to pieces at their posts in endeavoring to keep the rebels back. The queen fled, and her pursuers, reaching the apartment she had just left, pierced her bed with their bayonets and sabres. Marie Antoinette and the king, with their children, met together in terror, while shots and oaths were ringing through the palace. After a while the tumult subsided, for the French and National Guards had succeeded in repelling the invaders.

But in the courtyard a scene of horror was enacted. Then first appeared upon the scene the "man with the long beard," one of the most grisly spectres of the revolution. A painter's model, on this day he was dressed as a Roman slave. He had dragged the bodies of the two *gardes du corps* killed in the defence of the queen, into the courtyard, and with an axe severed their heads from their bodies. These ghastly trophies, mounted upon pikes, were paraded in sanguinary triumph through the streets of Versailles. Lafayette, roused from his slumbers, sprang on his horse, rode furiously to the palace, and then dismounting, sought the presence of the royal family. The king's aunt, Madame Adelaide, threw her arms about his neck.

"You have saved us!" she exclaimed, to the friend of Washington.

"General," said the king, "what am I to do?"

"Show yourself to the people, sire," said Lafayette.

"Do you counsel your king to expose his life, sir!" said the queen, who was no friend of the republican general.

"No, madame, but to save it," was the reply.

Louis did not hesitate. He stepped out on the balcony.

"Long live the king!" shouted the multitude without.

"False dogs!" muttered the Marquis de Preville, who, with his drawn sword in his hand, stood near the queen; "there is no loyalty in them."

"You do not understand the people, sir," said Lafayette, severely.

"When I see them mutilating the bodies of brave soldiers killed at their posts, I fancy that I *do* understand them," retorted the marquis.

"A few miscreants are not representatives of the mass," rejoined Lafayette.

And now the multitude without, shouted:

"To Paris! To Paris! The king in Paris!"

It was the populace that shouted. The troops took up the cry, and the welkin rang with it. The king stepped back into the apartment.—Another cry was now heard from without:

"The queen! The queen!"

Louis turned pale. Fearless for himself, he trembled for his beloved wife. She hesitated.

"Shall I go?" she asked, not of the king but of Lafayette, whose judgment and sincerity she was beginning to respect.

"Fear nothing, madame," was the firm reply.

Marie Antoinette glanced around her and then, catching an idea by inspiration, took the little hands of her daughter and her son, and, accompanied by Lafayette, led them upon the balcony. The Court of Marble was filled with fierce men with fire-arms in their hands. It is questionable whether their designs were amicable when they shouted for the queen, for Marie Antoinette was hated at Paris. But when they saw her, calm, fearless and smiling, accompanied by her innocent children and by the gallant soldier of freedom, who feared not to risk his popularity by respectfully kissing the hand of his sovereign, their hearts were melted, and they shouted their applause. Lafayette led back his royal charge in triumph.

"My guards," said the king—"can you do nothing to save them?"

Lafayette opened the door and beckoned to a *garde du corps*. He led him out upon the balcony, and handing him his hat bade him kiss the tricolored cockade. The movement was completely successful.

"Long live the body-guards!" shouted the multitude.

Lafayette's grenadiers in the courtyard took the body guards under their protection, and to ensure their safety, exchanged caps with them.

And now the king decided to go to Paris; and the assembly, learning his intention, declared itself inseparable from the king, and prepared to accompany them. The royal family entered their carriage. Lafayette mounted beside it. The body-guards, some of them wounded in the strife of the morning, preceded and followed. The household officers of the king, including de Preville, sad and dejected, were grouped near the monarch. The women, whose action had produced this result, were in ecstacies of joy. They brandished aloft branches of the poplar—the tree of liberty—now yellowed by the frosts of October, and they shouted:

"We shan't starve now—we've got the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's apprentice," alluding to the king, the queen and the dauphin.

Marie Antoinette leaned back in her carriage and pressed her children to a heart heavy with forebodings. She felt that she was abandoning the joys of life and taking up the cross. She had seen with a shudder, what the king, fortunately, had not noticed—the heads of her two faithful guardsmen carried on pikes at the head of the column. Henceforth to her it was a funeral procession. Alas! how dreadful a fate was reserved for the royal pair! From the gates of Versailles to the scaffold in Paris was but a step. We have thus imperfectly sketched some of the opening scenes of the revolution destined to exert a powerful agency on some of the characters we have presented to our readers. But we must not forget that we are not writing history, but romance. We have now Eugene de Preville, a devoted adherent of the queen—the chevalier in the ranks of the people—Julie in a convent—Gerard a revolutionist. Under what circumstances shall we meet them in the Reign of Terror?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GARRICK AND HIS CRITICS.

Edmund Kean was a favorite of Mrs. Garrick, the widow of the celebrated actor. Whenever it was desirable that a new performer at Drury Lane should make a hit, the committee used to bring the news to the lady out on her private box, to say he reminded her of David. She said so, and this went the round of the papers accordingly. In the case of Kean she spoke honestly. He did remind her of her husband, and was nearer to him by many degrees than any actor she had ever seen, although both Garrick and Kean did not play Abel Drugger. Once in conversation he complained to her that the papers made terrible mistakes as to his conceptions of character, rouleing, points, and other peculiarities. "These people," said he, "don't understand their business; they give me credit where I make no effort to deserve it, and they pass over the passages in which I have bestowed the utmost care and attention. They think, because my style is new and appears natural, that I don't study, and talk about the sudden impulse of genius. There is no such thing as impulsive acting; all is studied beforehand. A man may act better or worse on a particular night from particular circumstances, but the conception is the same. I have done all these things a thousand times in country theatres, and perhaps better, before I was recognized as a great London actor, and have been loudly applauded; but the sound never reached as far as London." "You should write your own criticisms," replied the old lady; "*David always did so.*"—*Home Journal*

LIFE IN JAVA.

Says the Singapore Free Press: There has been a quantity of violent deaths and serious accidents of late in the isle of Java, caused as much by lightning as wild beasts. The crocodiles have eaten up a great number of persons. On the 25th of March, at ten o'clock, P. M., a caiman seized by the thigh a citizen of Prinsselacy, who was seated in the evening on the steps of his house. He sprang to them desperately, uttering loud cries, and successfully resisted the beast's efforts to drag him into the water. A crowd soon gathered, before whom the monster withdrew. Near Batavia, an alligator caught a native who was drawing water from the river, by one of his ankles. The man was fortunate enough to escape. In the district of Banyuwang, a tiger sprang on a man passing through a piece of jungle, and killed him before help came.—There were fifteen wounds in his neck and five in other other parts of his body. A farmer in that district, watching his growing crops, was carried off by a tigress. An undevoured half of his body was subsequently recovered. From June, 1854 to April, 1856, the tigers killed more than forty people in the presidency of Kravrang, notwithstanding the inhabitants slaughtered one hundred and twenty-three of the animals in the same time.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A REVERIE

OVER MY SISTER'S NEEDLEWORK.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

I love this delicate tracery of the needle!
It speaks of woman's soft and gentle touch;
Enwreathing in the thous of the fabric
Her native poetry of buds and flowers.
—I love to watch
Meandering here and there the pure white lawn
Th' eloquent fingers weave in dreams of fancy.
This rich border—
Is the deep, fathomless abyss of love;
The alpha and omega of our being:
—unexplored gulf,
In which lies hidden all the heart's deep wealth
Of undiscovered pearls.
I love to watch the delicate fingers toy
With the almost invisible arachane—
And in their flittings to and fro, enwreathe
Quaint phantasies called day-dreams.
—O, you smile!
I smile in bitterness: recalling hours
O'er-handing patchwork at my grandame's knee.
The idle hours I spent in the nursery,
Shaping out with fantastic trickery
Unheard-of garments for my last new doll—
Building air-castles!
(Would I had never lived to see them fall—
The "baseless fabrics" of my sweetest "visions!")
—I need to sit and dream long hours away,
Vainly imagining what life may be—
But ever picturing it a gorgeous future—
A gay dissolving vision of the brain:
And ever had a dream of woman's love
Haunting me like the shade of wretched Eve.
—It comes before me now!
Methinks I am
The mistress of a pure, sweet, vine-clad cot;
Wiling away life with the pleasing cares
Of ministering unto dear ones, and content.
When the deep waves of the heart's tenderness
O'erflow my woman's bosom—I am pressed
To the strong, manly heart I own my lord.
—O, 'tis not fashionable to confess
That one is weaker than the stronger sex!
It can't be helped—my love is womanly,
Entwining roses round the granite shaft,
And cannot stand without a staunch support.
Fragments of reveries—roses without thorns!
—The lurking Satan of ambition wakes me—
I like the needle-box—it likes not me.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STUDENT'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

IT was a week before commencement at Dartmouth. A rap at the door of one of the students' rooms, and its inmate hastily but quietly folded a manuscript which he had been studying intently by the light of his lamp, and turned the key of a trunk upon it, before answering the summons. "I know who's there," was legible on his finely chiselled lips, which first curved unpleasantly, then settled themselves almost as rigidly as those of a statue.

"Good evening, Mr. Raymond—will you come in?"

"Good evening, Lyle—thank you."

The visitor, Edgar Raymond, advanced to a seat, while Wordsworth Lyle returned to the one he had quitted. The young men, face to face across a writing table, in the moment of silence that ensued, appeared in striking contrast. Lyle had the slender frame and thin, pale cheek, which characterize mental temperament greatly predominating. His eyes, of hazel blue, which always from the declamation platform sent flashes over the hall like the radiations of a double Koh i-noor, were now dropped partially; and, could you have met them full, you could have read in them no more of his thoughts than of the concealed manuscript through the lock of the trunk at his suspended left hand. Raymond's figure was firm as a young oak; his complexion dark—eyes and hair intensely black, his expression, perhaps, slightly sinister, yet eminently active and companionable. Fowls would never have given him small self-esteem nor large benevolence; and still his chart would as a whole have been one he might be proud to exhibit.

These two, born to positions as diverse as their present aspect, for the former was the son of a poor widow and inured to the winds that sweep the cold granite pass at Franconia, while the latter was the son of one of the heaviest Louisianian planters, and bred in the lap of luxury—these two had distinguished themselves above all their fellow-students, and stood alone, rivals.

"Prize essay quite ready, of course?" interrogated Raymond, leaning full toward the other and tapping with a small, wooden rule he had picked up from the table.

"Who informed you, pray, that I was to enter for the prize?" returned Lyle, a little haughtily.

"O, pooh now! Ha, ha, ha! What will you take for your right in the contest? Nothing short of the one hundred dollars there's a chance of winning, I bet my head. Afraid of losing at that, eh?—the fame, you know."

He looked hard at Lyle, who made no reply, nor in the least altered his position. Then, having accompanied himself in a low whistle through the measures of "Uncle Ned," Raymond cast down the rule in its place, sat upright and folded his arms.

"Lyle," he resumed, taking a serious tone for the one of bantering, "if you want the amount of the prize and stand aside, here's your money."

He caught from a pocket a couple of fifty dollar coins and tossed them, glittering yellow, across the table. The other looked up quickly.

"I do mean it, precisely," the planter's son replied to that look. "Engage yourself to bring in no essay, and that pair of wheels is for your pocket. I've looked the whole matter in the face, and so, doubtless, have you. Without Wordsworth Lyle in the lists, Edgar Raymond's chances are ten to one; with him, they are less than one to one. The name of producing the prize essay would please me well enough; so if you consider a bird in the hand worth two in the bush, why here's an opportunity."

The child of the poor widow was tempted. His pulses doubled their strokes, sending an excited flush to his cheeks; he reasoned hurriedly

with himself, while the midstones along th
he had lately come accused to rush past
review.

The prize of one hundred dollars,
through the board for the best essay fr
graduating class, could hardly have been
cted by any one else as by Wordsworth
the last four years he had proved the val
hundred dollars—nay, of dollars singly
sacrifice and with struggling such as onl
voted mother would be willing to make.
true lover of learning persist in, he has
sent to college and his course thus nearly
plished. In spite of sacrifice and stru
now toward the last some bills were fill
which caused burning anxiety to moth
son. The winning of the prize, all kne
most likely between Raymond and Lyl
often, during the preparation of his artic
latter had stimulated himself with repe
"If he is no more than my equal, I mu
ceed; for I labor from two motives, h
one."

Here, then, was the money—he might
that; and the second motive, fame, was
empty bubble. Those who should best
pronounced it no more. And yet, qu
philosophy of experience as he would, the
student could not smother the fire of ambi
his breast. Honor was bright and rich
prospect, at least—brighter, richer than
self, the bribe that lay before him. Prid
ible with ambition in the self-consultati
Lyle answered manfully:

"No, I will not begin so soon to s
birthright of mind for golden pottage.
competition shall be the word, and let bl
wins the victory enjoy the spoils also."

"Very well," said the other; but he
lip, as he took the gold pieces, feelin
ashamed that he had offered them and
that they had been rejected. "Very well,
can afford the risk, I certainly can."

Lyle's face flushed again, and deeply,
was morbidly sensitive to any intimation
ing his poverty; yet, knowing that no disco
was intended, with a frankness he seldom
toward the favored southerner, he rejoined

"Yes, Raymond, you can afford it.
you be unsuccessful—which I fear you ar
likely to be—it will be none the worse fo
Neither yourself nor your mother—"

He went no further; he could scarcel
his voice, and *that* was a name too sacr
utterance to one who it was impossible
understand the emotions it stirred in his
Raymond generously broke the silence he
became very oppressive.

"There is another thing, Lyle, which it
me you and I can equally afford—that is
friends. We have both discovered by th
that science is not like the child which
litigation before Solomon—that must be di
or only one could possess it. We have
gained our cause, and henceforward, I
say, might quit antagonistic positions.
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been reserved. Regarding the essays, all
be in the hands of the examining commi
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ished; mutual confidences can affect n
now, if they could ever. If you are s
posed, I would be gratified to know the
you have chosen to write upon, and there
ducing a manuscript and passing it o
Lyle, "is mine; read it to the end, for a
jections I have."

"I have repeated my subject in your h
already," said Lyle. "'The Birthrig
Mind.'"

He opened the sheets that were handed
glanced merely at the title—"Nature: He
fections and their Analysis"—and returne
manuscript, reciprocated the amicable sent
its author had just expressed. In doing
first remarked in Raymond an unusual le
excitement, which, however, very nature
attributed to the circumstances and convers
he gave no further thought at the time. I
and as it proved last evidence of amity
bespoken, the two students sealed their pa
upon the same table, and together dep
them in a box prepared for the purpose i
of the halls.

The day eagerly anticipated had arrive
a shadow rested upon those classic wal
one who had given most startling pro
reflecting their honor, had received his
degree. The morning following what is
narrated, Edgar Raymond was conveyed
a fever, to the house of a friend a few
away; and five days later, tidings reach
fellow-students that a coffin bearing his
was on its way to his blighted home.

The public services were nearly conc
It remained only to announce the suc
essay and award the prize. Many had d
done themselves real credit, but the noble
tinctions rested upon Wordsworth Lyle
still those who understood him well, saw
was waiting and watching with exceeding i
Mrs. Lyle, from her seat just by the
which her son had at pains obtained for he
he felt that a sight of her calm, beloved
nance could inspire firmness in every o
saw it in his look and manner, and felt it
hot, panting breath, as at every opportun
came to speak to her some cheerful, affect
word.

No allusion to the matter passed their
yet the mother, living in her son, sharing
aspirations, sympathizing with every pulsa
his breast, caught the fever of suspense tha
torturing his brain and making each nerve
being to vibrate, till a flame seemed scor
her own cheeks, and the heart threw c
blood with a violence that set the veins
temples throbbing with acute pain. I
mother! dutiful son! human hearts were
agitated more unselfishly—the former se
agonized in the unmingled desire that he
might not feel his triumph dashed of its
pleteness; the latter, for the hour at
thought lightly of everything relating
prize beyond its *very self—the hundred*
—and its relief to the mother who had

…r The Flag of our Union.]

…A REVERIE

…SISTER'S NEEDLEWORK.

…SIMONE D'ARTOIS.

…a tragedy of the needle:
…anle soft and gentle touch:
…he tissue of the fabric
…r of buds and flowers.
—I love to watch
…and there the pure white dawn
…ers weave in dreams of fancy.
…—
…rmless abyss of love:
…ness of our being:
—unexplored gulf.
…den all the heart's deep wealth
…posits.
…e delicate fingers toy
…invisible arcadiane—
…ings to and fro, overwathe
…et called day-dreams.

…ess: recalling hours
…chwork as my grandame's knee,
…ment in the nursery,
…t fantastic trickery
…ents for my last new doll—
…ses!
…ow lived to see them fall—
…ories" of my sweetest "visions!")
…d dream long hours away,
…t what life may be—
…g is a gorgeous picture—
…vision of the brain:
…dream of woman's love
…e the shade of wretched Eve.
…e me now!
Methinks I am
…spure, sweet, vine-clad cot;
…with the pleasing cares
…nto dear ones, and content.
…waves of the heart's tenderness
…man's bosom—I am pressed
…anly heart I own my lord.
…lissable to caution
…er than the stronger sex:
…d—my love is womanly,
…round the granite shaft,
…d without a staunch support.

…ories—roses without thorns!
…tion of ambition wakes me—
…hor—it likes not me.

…for The Flag of our Union.]

…UDENT'S TRIAL.

…ES. L. S. GOODWIN.

…before commencement as Dart-
…e the door of one of the stu-
…d its inmate hastily but quietly
…ipt which he had been studying
…ght of his lamp, and turned the
…upon it, before answering the
…now who's there," was legible
…settled lips, which first curved
…n settled themselves almost as
…f a sneeze.
…ng, Mr. Raymond—will you

…g, Lyle—thank you."
…dgar Raymond, advanced to a
…sworth Lyle returned to the one
The young men, face to face
…table, in the moment of silence
…ppeared in striking contrast.
…slender frame and thin, pale
…nascerine mental temperament
…ating. His eyes, of hazel blue,
…om the declamation platform
…the hall like the radiations of a
…or, were now dropped par-
…d you have met them full, you
…n them no more of his thoughts
…nealed manuscript through the
…k at his suspended left hand.
…s was firm as a young oak; his
…—eyes and hair intensely black,
…erhaps, slightly sinister, yet en-
…nd companionable. Fowle
…e given him small self-esteem
…ence; and still his chart would
…been one he might be proud to

…orm to positions as diverse as
…ect, for the former was the son
…and inured to the winds that
…anite pass at Franconia, while
…e son of one of the heaviest
…ers, and bred in the lap of lux-
…had distinguished themselves
…low-students, and stood alone,

…quite ready, of course!" inter-
…d, leaning full toward the other
…a small, wooden rule he had
…he table.
…ed you, pray, that I was to en-
…er!" returned Lyle, a little

…! Ha, ha, ha! What will you
…ght in the contest? Nothing
…hundred dollars there's a chance
…my head. Afraid of losing at
…me, you know."
…d at Lyle, who made no reply,
…altered his position. Then,
…ained himself in a low whistle
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…y one: with him, they are less
The name of producing the
…please me well enough; so if
…rd in the hand worth two in the
…an opportunity."
…he poor widow was tempted.
…d their strokes, sending an ex-
…cheeks; he reasoned hurriedly with himself, while the milestones along the way he had lately come seemed to rush past him in review.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered through the board for the best essay from the graduating class, could hardly have been so coveted by any one else as by Wordsworth Lyle. In the last four years he had proved the value of a hundred dollars—nay, of dollars singly. At sacrifice and with struggling such as only a devoted mother would be willing to make, and a true lover of learning persist in, he had been sent to college and his course thus nearly accomplished. The spirit of sacrifice and struggling, now toward the last some bills were filling up, which caused burning anxiety to mother and son. The winning of the prize, all knew, lay most likely between Raymond and Lyle; and often, during the preparation of his article, the latter had stimulated himself with repeating: "If he is no more than my equal, I must succeed; for I labor from two motives, he but one."

Here, then, was the money—he might secure that; and the second motive, fame, was but an empty bubble. Those who should best know pronounced it no more. And yet, quote the philosophy of experience as he would, the young student could not smother the fire of ambition in his breast. Honor was bright and rich in the prospect, at least—brighter, richer than, in itself, the bribe that lay before him. Pride took side with ambition in the self-consultation, and Lyle answered manfully:

"No, I will not begin so soon to sell my birthright of mind for golden pottage. Fair competition shall be the word, and let him who wins the victory enjoy the spoils also."

"Very well," said the other; but he bit his lip, as he took the gold pieces, feeling half ashamed that he had offered them and vexed that they had been rejected. "Very well, if you can afford the risk, I certainly can."

Lyle's face flushed again, and deeply, for he was morbidly sensitive to any intimation touching his poverty; yet, knowing that no discourtesy was intended, with a frankness he seldom used toward the favored southerner, he rejoined:

"Yes, Raymond, you can afford it. Should you be unsuccessful—which I fear you are little likely to be—it will be none the worse for you. Neither yourself nor your mother—"

He went no further; he could scarcely trust his voice, and *that* was a name too sacred for utterance to one who it was impossible should understand the emotions it stirred in his bosom. Raymond generously broke the silence before it became very oppressive.

"There is another thing, Lyle, which it strikes me you and I can equally afford—that is, to be friends. We have both discovered by this time that science is not like the child which was in litigation before Solomon—that must be divided, or only one could possess it. We have each gained our cause, and henceforward, I should say, might quit antagonistic positions. I have at times been overbearing—you have constantly been reserved. Regarding the essays, all are to be in the hands of the examining committee by to-morrow, you know. What's done, is finished; mutual confidences can affect nothing now, if they could ever. If you are so disposed, I shall be gratified to know the subject you have chosen to write upon, and there," producing a manuscript and passing it over to Lyle, "is mine; read it to the end, for any objections I have."

"I have repeated my subject in your hearing already," said Lyle. "'The Birthright of Mind.'"

He opened the sheets that were handed him, glanced merely at the title—"Nature: Her Perfections and their Analysis"—and returning the manuscript, reciprocated the amicable sentiments its author had just expressed. In doing so, he first remarked in Raymond an unusual look of excitement, which, however, very naturally attributing to the circumstances and conversation, he gave no further thought at the time. In first, and as it proved last evidence of amity newly bespoken, the two students sealed their packages upon the same table, and together deposited them in a box prepared for the purpose in one of the halls.

The day eagerly anticipated had arrived; but a shadow rested upon those classic walls, for one who had given most startling promise of reflecting their honor, had received his eternal degree. The morning following what is before narrated, Edgar Raymond was conveyed, ill of a fever, to the house of a friend a few miles away; and five days later, tidings reached his fellow-students that a coffin bearing his name was on its way to his blighted home.

The public services were nearly concluded. It remained only to announce the successful essay and award the prize. Many that day had done themselves real credit, but the noblest distinctions rested upon Wordsworth Lyle; and still those who understood him well, saw that he was waiting and watching with exceeding interest. Mrs. Lyle, from her seat just by the stage, (which her son had as pains obtained for her—for he felt that a sight of her calm, beloved countenance could inspire firmness in every ordeal—saw it in his look and manner, and felt it in his hot, panting breath, as at every opportunity he came to speak to her some cheerful, affectionate word.

No allusion to the matter passed their lips; yet the mother, living in her son, sharing all his aspirations, sympathizing with every pulsation of his heart, caught the fever of suspense that was torturing his brain and making each nerve of his being to vibrate, till a flame seemed scorching her own cheeks, and the heart threw out its blood with a violence that set the veins of her temples throbbing with acute pain. Dating mother! dutiful son! human hearts were never agitated more unselfishly—the former secretly agonized in the unmingled desire that her son might not feel his triumph dashed of its completeness; the latter, for the hour at least, thought lightly of everything relating to the prize beyond its very self—*the hundred dollars*—and its relief to the mother who had nourished his mind literally by denying her own body.

"I am afraid you are ill, mother," the youth whispered, bending over her.

"Nothing to mind; only a trifle weary," was the reply.

At that moment the president came before the audience, and all eyes, except Lyle's, waited on him intently. Standing behind his mother, one arm laid across her shoulder, and his head slightly bowed above hers, he seemed struck into petrifaction. He heard as from a speaker very remote, and yet distinctly as though sounded from a trumpet in his ear, the promise that the essay selected by the committee for that purpose, as most worthy among those offered, would in the evening be publicly read, and afterwards printed.

There was a brief pause, and a thrill as though an electric current from the clouds had descended upon him, was felt by the students in every extremity of his frame. The president proceeded:

"This prize essay is entitled: 'Nature: Her Perfections and their Analysis,' and written by William Wordsworth Lyle."

His name—another's production. The young man comprehended on the instant. The names of the authors had not appeared in the manuscripts, but accompanied them separately; in the hands of the committee Raymond's and his own had accidentally been exchanged one for the other—and hence the mistake.

Every one may have experienced a whirlwind of thought, when questions, answers, suggestions and possibilities rush together through the mind in a single second's space. Thus it happened with Wordsworth Lyle. The claim of his mother's hand upon his was lightened; he felt the fingers trembling with the heart's sudden gush of thanksgiving. Raising his eyes, there appeared directly before him a household which ordinarily we should term his "friends," because, being relatives, they ought to be such. Its head was his father's brother, the rich Esquire Lyle. The gentleman sat now in his shining broadcloth, velvet trimmed, with the heavy black satin buttoned over his corporal magnitude, and his hands in their perfect kids, viewing the graduate as complacently as though he had not, in her trial, withheld from his widowed sister in law everything beyond his lordly advice to "put the boy on a farm," and grown absolutely terrific when, instead of its being followed, "the simpleton was indulged in his ridiculous notion of going to college."

"My nephew," was the proud communication Wordsworth traced in the motion of his uncle's lips, turned toward a stranger who was present in his company, sitting at his left hand. On the right of her father was Miss Maria Lizzy, who had so often tossed her shell combs and wondered if her pauper cousin thought to make himself great. At this moment she smiled upon him, as though thinking him sweeter and dearer than the bouquet in her hand. Besides these, there were real friends, whose eyes were eloquent with their congratulations; and many whom he had never met before were perusing his face with eagerness and admiration, because of the high distinction he had gained. Was he called upon to disappoint true friends, and humble himself before the false? His worse dread had been of simply failing to reach the height—how incomparably worse that he should be exalted only that he should cast himself down! His mother! his mother! here was the sharpest sting. Why might he not in silence retain the laurel crown, since he who should have worn it could never feel its grateful touch?

All this in a glance of the eye and mind! One breath he hesitated after hearing his summons to the stage; then with the dauntlessness which ever accompanies a resolution to do right, ascended the steps and stood before his superior—his fine face glowing forth the words he was immediately to utter. At no time that day had his voice sounded firmer, clearer, than when he said:

"Honored sir, and"—to the audience—"my friends, I find some mistake in this. I have not the honor to be the author of the essay which has just been announced in connection with my name. The prize, however much I may have desired it, is not mine to receive. Honor and award belong to my lamented classmate, Edgar Raymond."

He bowed, and was hurrying from the gaze of the multitude, when the president stopped him with some question put in a low tone. A moment, and he was led forward again. The president spoke:

"There is, indeed, a mistake in the announcement just made—not, however, in the name of the author, but in the title of his manuscript. The successful essay is 'The Birthright of Mind;' the writer is still William Wordsworth Lyle."

He said this with an enthusiasm of voice and look which instantly communicated itself to the throng of spectators; and when he added that what they had witnessed was but an example of the noble uprightness which had characterized that young man in his entire collegiate course, remembrance of the departed alone subdued a general outburst of applause.

Lyle received the prize and retired with gratification at his success—almost overpowered by confusion at hearing himself thus publicly lauded.

The next morning, as he was about leaving with his happy parent for their home, a purse was sent him containing four times the amount of the prize; and on a slip of paper attached was written: "The Reward of Integrity—*from a few friends, now and old.*"

INSANITY.

A gentleman passing along the streets of London, not long ago, was suddenly accosted by an entire stranger thus: "Did you ever thank God that you had never lost your mind?"

"I, no," replied the gentleman, as soon as he recovered from the surprise which the circumstance excited, "I cannot say that I ever did."

"You ought to, for I have lost mine," said the strange interrogator, as he passed rapidly on, and was soon lost in the living tide which ceaselessly flows along the "Strand."—*Observer.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MR. JONES'S LEGAL ADVICE.

BY PHILIP BROMLEY.

I MAKE no apology for introducing to the reader without ceremony, Mr. B. Phlatt, and Mr. C. Mandamus Jones. For two reasons, I waive an apology. In the first place, Mr. Phlatt and Mr. Jones were both professional gentlemen of eminent professional skill, whose acquaintance was by no means to be ignored; and in the second place, they were very entertaining young gentlemen, whose acquaintance, I trust, will prove both amusing and instructive.

Mr. B. Phlatt was a musical gentleman—Mr. C. Mandamus Jones a legal one. Mr. Phlatt had taught the gamut until his fortune began to quaver, and though a musical gentleman, seldom fingered a note. Mr. Jones may be said never to have commenced the practice of his profession; in fact, he had been waiting a year and a half for that very purpose, and during this trying professional period, he uniformly seemed to retain his good humor—though nobody evinced any disposition to retain *him*. With the single additional observation that in the course of his harmonious pursuits, Mr. B. Phlatt had encountered a Miss A. Scharpe, who had sent a series of trills across the chords of his too susceptible feelings, I shall introduce the reader into the lodging of Mr. C. M. Jones, where were assembled both of the professional gentlemen I have mentioned.

"Miss Amelia Sharpe has promised to be mine, and she *shall* be mine!" Mr. B. Phlatt observed emphatically.

"There is but one impediment that I can see," replied C. M. Jones, Esq., as he chose to write himself, oracularly; "the objections of old Scharpe are void, since the parties are of legal contracting age."

"What other obstacle can there be?" supplicated B. Phlatt.

Fixing his eyes upon the musical gentleman with an expression of intense penetration, Mr. C. Mandamus Jones earnestly and solemnly ejaculated: "Tin!"

"Tis true," groaned Mr. Phlatt. "There's old Scharpe wallowing in money, and I haven't a sixpence to run away with his daughter with!"

"Mr. Phlatt!" observed Jones, after a pause.

"Sir!" replied Phlatt.

"Are you aware that there is a way of raising the wind for the exigencies of this crisis?"

"No! For heaven's sake, what is it?"

"Funds, sir, can be raised sufficient, not only to enable you to decamp satisfactorily with Miss A. Scharpe, but also to reimburse your legal adviser!" continued Jones, with great seriousness.

"How? Keep me not in suspense!"

Mr. C. M. Jones raised his chair and arranged it with great precision within an inch and a half of the one which Mr. Phlatt occupied. He then sat down in it, made a tube of his left hand, and leaning forward applied an end of it to his own mouth and the other to Mr. Phlatt's ear. The communication was long and earnest. Mr. Jones kept his position for five minutes, at the end of which he removed his chair to its original locality, and fixing his eyes upon B. Phlatt, inquired: "What d'ye think of it?"

"Twill do!" replied that individual, ecstatically. * * * * *

The day after the conversation chronicled above, a shabby looking gentleman carrying in his hand a fiddle in a shabby looking green bag, entered the shop of Salvation Scharpe, Esq., grocer.

"I want a pound of candles," said the shabby gentleman.

"Here they are," said the obsequious Scharpe. "This is not the kind that burns a little while, and then burns no longer—they always burn!"

"No doubt," said the shabby gentleman. "But what's the price?"

"Two shillings the pound—a mere trifle!"

"I'll take them." And the shabby gentleman began the investigation of his breeches pockets for the two shillings in question. Not twopence rewarded those pains-taking search. "Good heavens!" he gasped, in intense alarm. "Some one has picked my pocket, or else I have lost my purse! Ah, my friend, you can sympathize with me! It was given to me by my mother. She worked it with her own hands, and gave it to me full of sixpences when I left home a dozen years ago!"

"I am very sorry, but don't trouble yourself, sir—we'll send them to your house."

"Unfortunately," whimpered the shabby gentleman, still in great agony about the precious purse, "I am just going into the country, and that's why I need the candles. I always use gas in town. If you will do me the favor to take my fiddle as security for the two shillings until I return, I shall never be able to cancel my obligations to you. I only wish that you will hang it up and be exceedingly careful of it, as it is valuable, though not over handsome, and almost as much prized as the purse I have so ingeniously lost?"

"With all my heart!" was the expression of compliance; and he hung the fiddle conspicuously over the desk where he was in the habit of computing his diurnal gain.

The shabby gentleman vanished, with a pound of very good candles under his arm.

Two days after this event, a person entered Mr. Salvation Scharpe's shop and made some trifling purchases. He was a man with a penetrating eye, and a worldly and business-like expression of face. He was dressed too well for a laboring man, and not quite well enough for a professional one. From his general appearance, he might have been taken for a briefless lawyer. Whatever he was, his attention was soon attracted by the fiddle.

"What, my friend! Are you a musician?" he exclaimed.

"I, no," said Mr. Scharpe, with the peculiar self-satisfied and patronizing air of the successful trader. "I, no sir! That instrument is the property of a poor fellow who bought a pound of candles here the other day, and has probably not been able to raise money yet to redeem it."

"Will you do me the favor to let me examine it?" asked the man with the penetrating eye. "I am a connoisseur in these matters!"

The attentive Scharpe carefully unhung the fiddle and passed it over to the gentleman. He turned it over and over, and examined it carefully in every part.

"This is indeed a fine fiddle," said he; "a prodigiously fine fiddle! Did he leave a bow?"

"O, yes," said Scharpe.

The gentleman placed the instrument to his shoulder, and drawing the bow across the strings, produced sounds which for a single moment the grocer was cheated into believing more exquisite than the chinking of coin.

"The must be a 'Cremona!'" observed the gentleman, continuing the exquisite sounds.

"Ah! indeed!" observed S. Scharpe, Esq., without the slightest idea what a Cremona was.

"It is, indeed!"

"The poor fellow told me it was valuable, and requested me to keep it carefully until he called for it."

"Mr. Scharpe," said the man with the penetrating eye, solemnly, "if I were to tell you my opinion of the worth of this fiddle, you would believe me crazy. But I have a proposition to make to you. Here is a check for fifty dollars, for which you can give me a receipt, and if, when that poor fellow returns, you can purchase this fiddle for a hundred dollars, the check I now put into your hands shall be your own!"

"But where shall I find you? How am I to know your address, or—pardon me—trust your credit?" hastily inquired Mr. S. Scharpe—his usual business caution wide awake, in spite of the intense wonder with which he listened.

"True! There is my card!" And with a glance from his penetrating eye, the gentleman passed the card and check for fifty dollars over to the grocer and bade him good morning.

It was with no ordinary emotions that Mr. Scharpe replaced the fiddle upon its nail. Fifty dollars was a commission by no means to be despised. He resolved to exhaust his acuteness in its purchase, and tried to dismiss the subject with that reflection by resuming the calculations of his daily profit. But he could not do it. The vision still danced before his imagination. He formed a thousand plans for entrapping the wretched musician into a sale of the precious instrument for a sum less than the gentleman had named, in order that he might pocket somewhat more than the fifty dollars bonus. The avaricious grocer was in the midst of these reflections, when the owner of the fiddle came hastily into the shop.

"Here are your two shillings, sir, and now will you be kind enough to return my fiddle, which I perceive still hangs where you so carefully deposited it?"

"Ah, I am delighted to see you!" replied Mr. Scharpe, not forgetting, in his delight, to sweep the shillings into his money drawer. "I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you?"

"Then I must beg you to be quick, sir, for a gentleman is waiting to hear my practice upon my fiddle. If it suits him, he will advance me a hundred dollars upon it, and you may be assured I would not lose such an opportunity, although I value every string on it at double that."

This remark rather nonplussed Mr. Scharpe, who was fondly hoping the man was himself unconscious of the value of the precious article.

"But, my dear sir," he said, rather hastily, "I can procure you a purchaser for that amount, unconditionally!"

"Indeed!" said the shabby man, carelessly.

"I assure you I can," replied Salvation Scharpe. And he detailed with great eloquence the liberal offer which the gentleman with the penetrating eye had made—omitting, however, to mention the compensation as brokerage which he was to receive.

"It is impossible! You see," said the shabby musician, "I might pledge my fiddle, raise the hundred dollars, and invest it, while you are looking round town for the gentleman who, you say, to-day made that proposition. O, no—I prefer a certainty to an expectancy! Have the goodness to pass me my fiddle, sir!"

"But I have his card!" earnestly plead Scharpe, beginning to perspire, as the outlines of the commission began to grow more shadowy.

"He may be from home, or out of town, or perhaps not in existence. O, no, I must have my fiddle, and I beg you not to detain me longer! Indeed, you would not wish me to take the risk you mention, when I might in all probability have disposed of the instrument before now, if you had not kept me trifling here!"

The acute Scharpe now began to be very fearful that the fifty dollars' commission would escape him. He resolved, therefore, on a bold venture. He determined to add fifty dollars to the check which the gentleman had given, and make the purchase on his own account—relying on his principal to reimburse him.

"Wait one moment," said he, "and you shall have the hundred dollars!"

I must here do Mr. Salvation Scharpe the justice to observe that in making this proposition, he acted without the usual sagacity which distinguished him as a trader, and had ensured his success in business. In short, "rambling ambition," as in many other instances, "o'erleaped itself." Mr. Scharpe's feverish anxiety to consummate what he regarded a very pretty speculation, got the better of his judgment. The musician hesitated, reluctant to part with his cherished fiddle. He surveyed it tenderly, and finally, thus apostrophizing it, delivered it over:

"It is my necessities alone which induce me to part with thee, cherished companion of my life in better portion of my existence! But I must now leave thee forever, and thou, who hast long been the solace of thy master, must now become his support!"

Tears were visible in the eyes of the wretched man, his hand faltered as he delivered the fiddle to the triumphant Scharpe, and having received from him ten ten-dollar notes: he refused to take the check, he hurried from the shop of the grocer in a very melancholy state of mind.

He had proceeded scarcely half a dozen blocks, when he turned a corner and confronted the gentleman with the penetrating eye, who had made the extravagant offer to Mr. Salvation Scharpe, and who was none other than C. M. Jones, Esq.

"Is he done, Phlatt?" he inquired sententiously.

"He is," replied the wretched musician, Mr. B. Phlatt: "for a hundred; there they are!" presenting the notes.

"How much was the fiddle worth?" inquired Jones, taking the ten notes.

"It was a very good Dutch fiddle, and cost eight shillings, sixpence!"

"There it is," observed the methodical Jones, having changed one of the tens at a butcher's stall. There is the eight and six, which is your due, since it was your loss. It leaves just ninety-eight dollars, seven shillings, sixpence profit, to be distributed between yourself and your legal adviser. For legal advice, I receive forty-nine dollars, three shillings, sixpence which leaves you just an equal sum with which to run away with Miss A. Scharpe, which I advise you immediately to do: and if old Scharpe knocks you down, come to me and I'll commit him for assault and battery, for half the damages!"

Mr. B. Phlatt was perfectly satisfied. According to the legal advice of Mr. Jones, he ran away, the next day, with Miss A. Scharpe, and was married.

The sound of a fiddle, ever after, threw Mr. Salvation Scharpe into convulsions.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BROTHER BILL
AND HIS FRIEND, PHIL BENEDICT.

BY BELL BRAMBLE.

"The garden was a wild, and man, the hermit, sighed
Till woman smiled."

"That might have been in our Grandfather Adam's day," said my irreverent Brother Bill, "since none who were acquainted with Mrs. Eve have informed us whether she was a "strong-minded" lady or not. The only thing of the kind transmitted to us being a bit of scandal relative to her flirting with Old Nick one day when her husband—good, unsuspecting man—had his back turned, making a stroll through Eden. Now if I had a weaker half—which, thank Heaven, I have not—I'd take good care that—she knew no more than the law permits and provides in such cases; excluding every one of the strong-minded sex, with 'coals above bottoms,' who would come sneaking into my Eden. I'd just like to catch one of them prowling about my premises—I would.

"Sometimes I 'drop in' to spend an hour with my old crony, Phil Benedict, who was demented enough to let himself be inveigled by an artful slip of womankind, who, after she did the poor fellow the honor to make him her property, just laid on such restrictions as she judged proper. O, but it was delicious to look on and see Phil maneuvering for permission 'to get out for a 'smash,' or a smuggled 'cobbler.' Talk about women being the 'weaker vessels'—not they, by Jupiter!

"A few evenings since, I obtained permission to take him out for a stroll. N.B.—we had for a whole month been inventing a yarn whereby he might get off for an impromptu supper at Delmonico's (with trimmings). *Je ne-se-lem!* but didn't his meek little wife look daggers and pistols at me though! While under her wing, Phil is a model husband, most correct in his deportment, never raises his eyes to the opposite side of an omnibus if a pretty girl happens to be there, never raises his *lorgnette* to sweep the dress circle at the theatre, never presumes to look at any of her visiting lady friends, unless their years and attractions are on a par with those of the Witch of Endor; but don't he make up for lost time when he sometimes contrives to escape from the conjugal ring, though!

"Whenever one of the babies takes to teething, or whooping cough, or such like calamity, he, by dint of persuasion, backed by the advice of the family physician, induces Mrs. Benedict to start off with the interesting little bundle of lace and flannels to her mother's in the country; and then don't Phil make the most of his time till the little 'nuisance resemblance' is pronounced convalescent, and Mrs. Benedict, much to his regret, returns. On such occasions (i. e., during her absence), Phil curls his hair, Jockey Club's his handkerchief, wears French patent leather boots, and affects black vests and cravats, the tie of which should be seen to be comprehended; while not a crony of his but could take their affidavit to the day and hour of his wife's return, so like a culprit would he sneak in and out of the house.

"Now is Phil alone here; there's Bill—not me, but Bill Claiborne. I'd like to see *him* go to a theatre without his meeker half tucked under his arm—I would! Once, I remember he ventured to patronize some opera singer, or ballet dancer, whose evolutions and pink flounces offered attraction too great to be resisted; and though he remained but an hour, still some *amiable* friend of his wife, who saw him there, got to his house before him (albeit he hastened home with all speed) and gave information!

"But to return to Phil Benedict. One night I persuaded him to go with me to the theatre. He said the play out, though in fear and trembling. I pleaded for him to remain for the afterpiece. 'No, siree! My wife will raise a rather particular breeze as it is; but should she suspect I had been *here*, wouldn't it be *refreshing*, though! I'll have to spin some yarn as it is, or my name is not Phil!'

"Now, rather than be called to task in this way for every *little* dereliction of duty, I'd go cheerfully to the penitentiary for life. There is a purple half to the grape, a sunny half to the peach, and warmer half to man. But if any such shaky half ever thinks to seclude from the schemes and allurements of the rest of the deluding sex, Bill—not Claiborne, but me—Bramble, all I can remark is, if she should 'lay onto flattering unction to her soul,' she'd be mistaken, rather." And twirling his Rachel cane, and adjusting his Albert neck-tie, Brother Bill swaggered off to the dancing school, humming:

"There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PHILOSOPHY.

O, why with vain regrets should we
In gloom and sorrow pine?
Since in a world we soon must be
Where sun doth never shine;
Where moon nor stars to lend their light,
Where earthly hopes and fears
Are gone for aye—ne'er to return,
More than our childhood's years.

Through sorrows deep, what vigils we,
E'en from our very birth,
What trouble take, this world to make
A heaven and not an earth!
O, know ye not, ye dreamers wild,
With all your feeble care,
That soon your forms, now full of hope,
Will be beyond all prayer?

Soon to your mother earth, O man,
Your earthly body yields,
Your mortal frame will then be nought
But dust upon the fields.
Then fling to air all vain regrets,
Laugh while ye have the power;
Sorrow no more, but to the full
Enjoy each fleeting hour!

J. C. W.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE IRON WILL.

BY ESTHER BERNE.

"PLEASE, sir, could you spare me for a day or two? I would not ask you if I could help it."

"No," was the short, stern, decided answer; and Mr. Sidney Hereford turned to his paper with a countenance upon which not a trace of passion could be seen.

He was a man in the prime of life; and the massive proportions of his brow, and the stern outlines of his face, showed that his principal characteristic was a strong, indomitable will, that would carry everything before it. Only the eyes, dark and lustrous, showed any softness of disposition, and even before their glance one almost shrunk.

The disappointed applicant—a slightly made, delicate boy—turned away, and as he did so, a lady who had been half buried in a luxurious ottoman, arose and glanced at the inflexible face.

"If I also should plead the boy's case, would you hear me, Mr. Hereford?"

"No," was the answer, in a gentler tone.

"I thought so," said Mabel Atway—a scornful smile playing over her lips as she left the room.

She could not see the glance that went after her—the glance in which was embodied some great passion, which the strong will could not subdue. Neither was the faint flashing of that stern face—the result of her words—perceptible to Mabel.

Sidney Hereford paced the room in a restless way. It was not the first time that Mabel Atway's sympathies had clashed against his will; neither was it the first time that scornful smile had rested upon her face in speaking to him.

He could not understand her—she was like no other woman he had ever seen. Yet though she was dearer to him than any one except his mother, not even for her could he revoke a decision once made.

Mabel Atway was the daughter of a sea-captain. Her mother was dead, and as her father was absent a great part of the year, she had, a little while before our story opens, accepted Mrs. Hereford's urgent invitation to take up her abode with him.

Beautiful, Mabel certainly was not. Sidney Hereford could not have fancied a beauty. Intellectual she was, and possessed of a certain haughty, reserved air, that made one long to know more of her. Sidney, pacing to and fro, saw from the window one of the men employed about the place, and governed by a sudden impulse, he leaned out and spoke to him.

"Philip, send John up to me."

"I think he is gone away, sir. I saw Miss Atway speaking to him, a little while ago, and a few minutes after he told some one he was going home."

The blood rushed to Sidney's face. Mabel had actually encouraged the boy to disobey his express commands. No one who knew him thoroughly would have dared to do this.

Mabel's light step was heard returning to the parlor. He half turned round, expecting she would offer some explanation. But she crossed the room and sank into her former seat without speaking. He was half angry with her, but still he thought she had never appeared so well before. The soft folds of the light dress suited his fastidious taste. The finely-shaped head, with its graceful ornaments of heavy braids wound about it, accorded well with the delicate outline of the face upon which a faint glow now rested.

Mrs. Hereford's entrance disturbed his meditations. Immensely proud of her son, she was never tired of manœuvering to bring out his peculiarities in the presence of Mabel. This was certainly annoying to Sidney, and he fancied it was to Mabel also. This day, the worthy lady's plans were interrupted by the departure of her son on an alleged business plea.

As Sidney stood in the hall, a hand was laid upon his arm and a familiar voice said:

"Have I found you at last, my dear fellow?"

"Philip! you here?"

"Yes," returned the other, in a light tone. I'm tired to death of my musty, cabin cribbed office and the dry cases that come up. The sight of red tape, even, gives me a headache. So I determined to accept that standing invitation of yours, and hunt you up. Am I welcome?"

"To be sure you are, Philip. No one could be more so. But come, let me introduce you to my mother and Miss Atway."

The proposed introduction took place, and Sidney saw with pleasure the favorable impression that his friend, the gay, cheerful Philip Horton, made upon both ladies.

Between himself and Mabel a constraint existed, which neither could analyze. It resulted less from the remembrance of the words that had been spoken that day, than the feeling that between their two strong wills a contest waged. By some strange fate, one seemed destined always to thwart the other. Sidney, standing a little apart from the rest, watched the merry group with the feeling as if he were the only one who was excluded from it, from his total want of sympathy with the theme they were discussing.

Restless, he began to pace the room. No one noticed it, as it was his habit. He drew out his watch. It was not late—not even the dinner hour—but a dark cloud coming up in the west, made it look later than it was. He could not tell why it was, but a most unaccountably uneasy feeling possessed him. He glanced at the little group. Philip was in the midst of some story that enchained the attention of the rest—no one even thought of him.

Opening the door, he passed into the hall, and gave orders for his horse to be saddled. There would be time to take a ride before Philip had finished his story; and besides that, no one would miss him. The horse—a strong, fiery animal—needed no spurring; he went like the wind. But Sidney checked him, after the first mile or two, to look around upon the singular pile of clouds, which had now nearly overspread the heavens, and to note the strange density of the atmosphere, which one could almost push with the hand. There was an ominous silence—not even the note of a bird to be heard. Everything seemed to denote that some sudden and terrific outbreak of the elements might soon be expected.

Sidney, reining up his horse, dismounted at the door of the only house to be seen in the wild and desolate region. Knocking gently at the door, it was opened by the same boy whom we introduced in the opening of the story. Shrinking back with an awe-struck face, the boy stood gazing at his master.

"John," said Sidney, kindly, "don't be afraid of me. I want to speak to you."

"Come in, sir, if you please. I'm sorry I went away without your leave. You were always a kind master to me."

The room into which Sidney was ushered, was small, but neat and clean. A door that opened from it was slightly ajar, and once in a while a low groan issued from the inner apartment.

"My poor mother, sir is very sick, and there is only my little sister and myself to attend to her. I would not have asked to come away from you for any other reason."

"Why did you not tell me that before, my boy? Though I am stern at times, I am not too proud to acknowledge when I am in the wrong. I have done you wrong, John, and I shall try to undo it as well as I can. Here are your wages, and a trifle more to purchase comforts for your mother. Is there not some one you can get to take care of her?"

"I don't know of any one. Miss Atway said she would come over and see what could be done."

"Did she say she should come to night?"

"No, sir. She thought she should come in the morning."

"Thank Heaven for that," said Sidney, as he glanced at the sky. "And as for you, my boy, when you are ready, come back to me. I will see that you do not suffer."

"You are too good to me, sir. I have not deserved it," said the boy.

But Sidney had already remounted his horse and was speeding in the direction of home. If he could only reach it before the storm commenced! But even as he thought this, he heard a low rumble in the air, and it grew suddenly dark. A wind sprang up, and increased till its violence was almost terrific. Clouds of leaves and dirt almost blinded the lonely rider, and to add to the confusion, the rain descended in torrents.

The fiery horse, as if goaded by demons, dashed along the rough road overhung by the forest trees. Before and behind them, here and there in their path, mighty trunks were shattered by the lightning. Still the frightened horse dashed on at a wild speed, and even the rider, calm, pale and collected, maintained his seat. Escaping death a hundred times as if by miracle, but thoroughly drenched and exhausted, Sidney emerged from the lonely, rough road, and succeeded in checking his steed.

In a few minutes he was at home, and having seen that his horse was well taken care of, he entered the house. As he crossed the hall, he encountered Mabel. She started at his wild appearance, and said in those tones he liked best to hear on earth:

"You have not been riding in this storm?"

"Yes," returned he, gravely; "a ride that threatened to cost me my life."

He fancied that she grew pale, and his heart thrilled with joy at the idea that it was for the danger he had undergone. But her next remark was a trivial one. He turned away bitterly; it was very evident she did not care the least for him. He did not, he could not know how she alone of all had missed him—how she had grown suddenly silent when he was no longer there—how she had listened and waited for his appearance, and grown sick at heart when she thought of his danger! Nothing of all this did he suspect; her face, like his, scarcely ever revealed what lay beneath.

Days, weeks passed on. Between Sidney and Mabel the old constraint existed. Philip, on the contrary, charmed every one with whom he came in contact—he was so light and cheerful, so capable of conversing gracefully on every subject. Sidney, with a certain bitterness in his heart, which even his generous nature could not prevent, felt that Mabel was lost to him. His own talents, of a far higher range than Philip possessed, were not calculated to fascinate a woman. He was awkward in rendering those thousand delicate little attentions, which some seem born to render; in fact, he scarcely ever attempted to make himself agreeable in this way. Philip, amongst his other qualifications, had a vast fund of small talk. It would have been a Herculean task for Sidney to attempt this; he had no taste for it.

Philip was Mabel's constant companion; and if she did not receive his attentions favorably, she at least received them quietly. She talked and laughed easily with him, but when Sidney was present to join in the conversation, she grew suddenly silent. He saw this, and felt that he chilled her with his gravity and wisdom.

"Mother, do you mean to make that journey west, this fall?"

It was a question asked by Sidney, a week after Philip's departure, as mother and son sat together in the cheerful parlor.

"Yes, I should like to go. I think your uncle will expect me this season. In his last letter, he wished me very much to come on."

"And Mabel?" asked Sidney, hesitatingly.

"She has friends in the west, whom I think she will take this opportunity to visit."

"Then, mother, I have decided to go with you. This life scarcely suits me. Some years ago, you recollect Philip and I passed twelve months in roving over the west. That was one of the pleasantest years of my life. I should like to pass another in the same way. After that, I may take it into my head to go to Europe. What say you to a travelled son, mother?"

Sidney's soul flashed up into his eyes, as he met Mabel's look. She had entered the room in time to catch those last words. It might have been a look of wonder, or sorrow, or a blending of each; or he might have been mistaken—for the next moment she was busily engaged with the work she held in her hand.

* * * The party had set out on their journey. At Buffalo, Sidney proposed that for variety's sake, they should take the route by the lakes, which, being circuitous, would take a much longer time. They embarked on board of one of the small lake steamers, and the weather being favorable, they accomplished the first part of the voyage in less time than expected. It has been said that sailing through these three lakes, at certain seasons of the year, exceeds in danger a voyage across the Atlantic. But the Hereford party found it delightful. The weather was calm and pleasant, and the glimpses of land that they obtained showed that the forests were becoming gorgeous in their fall robes.

One night, when the boat was within a mile of the shore, the cry of fire was heard. Suddenly consternation spread throughout the steamer, where a few moments before all had been calm and tranquil. Every one at such a time displays the trait peculiar to himself; and as the flames burst forth, a scene of wild confusion was depicted. Some strove frantically to throw themselves into the water; some prayed, in wild agony. Others, in this awful hour, uttered imprecations. Moans and shrieks, and the crackling of the flames filled the air.

The captain stood on one side, issuing rapid orders. In every part of the boat, the voice of Sidney was heard amidst all the din and confusion. Mabel heard it, and with renewed hope and courage, turned to her task—that of calming the frightened women.

Sidney, with his strong arm, with his flashing, defiant glance, restrained those who would wildly have thrown themselves overboard. Even in that moment of agony, all felt and shrank before his iron will.

"Back! back!" shouted Sidney; and the crowd that but an instant before had been struggling madly, fell back.

It was no time for reasoning or expostulation. Sidney Hereford, as he stood pale but collected, felt that upon the exercise of his giant will alone depended the preservation of so many fellow-creatures. The panic had seized all, with a few exceptions, and those few made superhuman exertions.

The boats that had been put off from the shore, had reached the burning boat. Again the crowd made a tremendous effort to throw themselves headlong into the frail barks, the capsizement of which would have been the inevitable consequence. Again Sidney subdued them—threatening to strike dead the first person that disobeyed orders. One by one they were lowered from the steamer. Every boat contained its just number, and no more; and as each became full, it put off for the shore.

There were places for only two more in the last boat. Four persons stood upon the deck—the captain, Sidney, Mabel and another lady—Mrs. Hereford having just taken her place in the boat. Mabel looked round upon the lady by her side.

"There is room for you," she said, gently.

"And for you also, Mabel," said Sidney, as he helped the lady into the boat.

"I shall not go, and leave two brave men to perish here," said Mabel, firmly.

"But, dear Mabel, this is madness. I command you to go. See how the flames gain upon us."

"I cannot go," Mabel repeated, and raised her eyes to Sidney's face An ineffable joy suddenly seized him, even in that awful moment.

An impatient shout came from the boat.

"Go, captain," said Sidney. "I never could leave her. If you can, send us a boat."

The captain grasped him by the hand, jumped into the waiting boat, which at once put off—Mrs. Hereford's despairing cry ringing over the water: "My son! Mabel!"

Sidney drew Mabel to that part of the boat farthest from the flames, which seemed to have enveloped three quarters of the deck.

"Why did you not go, Mabel?" asked Sidney.

"Would you have me gain my life at the expense of another, and that one yours?"

"Mabel!"

She looked up with a calm, solemn gaze, and read in the face before her the strong, mighty, overwhelming love that shone forth.

"Mabel, dear Mabel, it is pleasant to die, knowing what I do. But you—is there no way?"

"No," said Mabel, quietly. "Let me die with you."

"And can you deem me worthy of your love?" asked Sidney. "I am so grave, so unsuited—"

"Better than any one else in the world in my eyes," interrupted Mabel. "There is no one I could love or reverence more—no one of whom I am less worthy."

He drew her gently away from the flames, and sheltered her from the heat. He almost gave up the hope of a boat, and determined to take his last chance of swimming with his precious burden to the shore.

The sound of oars suddenly caught his attention, and in another moment a glad cry burst from his lips: "Saved, Mabel!"

At some distance, the burning steamer presented a magnificent sight. Sidney stood up in the boat and looked at it.

"Better that, Mabel, than always to have doubted!"

Mabel said nothing, but shuddered; and both, from that moment, turned their gaze towards the dark shore.

On the shore stood their friends to greet them, and Mrs. Hereford clung to them with frantic joy. * * *

A right merry wedding was that of Mr. Sidney Hereford to Miss Mabel Atway, and never was there a gayer or a more cheerful groomsman than Philip Horton.

OLD GORDON AND HIS LADDIES.

John Gordon, who died near Turriff, Banffshire, some time ago, attained the age of one hundred and thirty-two. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighboring inn of Turriff were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, to the vantage of the patriarch, "where they wad see," she used to say, "the auldest man i' Banffshire—ay, in a' the world." Among the visitors, one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable looking man, employed in knitting hose, with: "So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age."

"De'il's in the man! it'll be my grandfather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three; ye'll find him round the corner o' the house." On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man. I doubt not you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." "What's your will, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "O, ye'll be wanting my father, I reckon; he's i' the yard there." The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the "Battle of Harlaw." "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age." "It is," replied John; "but I am thankfu' that I am able for't, as the laddies, poor things, are no' very stout now."—*Glasgow Railway Journal.*

AS THICK AS THREE IN A BED.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the years 1835–'36, that every house was filled each night with travellers wanting lodging. Every traveller there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in any of the hotels, even if he was willing to put up with two or three strange bed fellows.

The Rev. H. Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and a bed to himself. The bar keeper told him no room could, unless they should be full as to render it necessary to put in another with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, which he found full as to room, and soon retired to his bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along towards midnight, he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo you there!" he exclaimed. "What do you want *now*?"—a particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger with you, sir," said the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in there, is there?"

"One? why, here is Mr. Brown, and a Methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that was enough for one bed, even in Michigan!"

The landlord seemed to think so, too, and left them to their repose.—*Michigan Herald.*

GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS SITTERS.

When this eminent artist became the rage in London as a portrait painter, commissions for portraits flowed in so fast that, with all his rapidity of execution and untiring industry, he was unable to satisfy the impatience of some of his sitters. One gentleman lost his temper, and inquired of the painter's porter, in a voice loud enough to be overheard: "Has that fellow Gainsborough finished my portrait?" Ushered into the painting-room, he beheld his picture. After expressing his approbation, he requested it might be sent home at once, adding: "I may as well give you a check for the other fifty guineas." "Stay a minute," said Gainsborough, "it just wants the finishing stroke;" and snatching up a background brush, he dashed it across the smiling features, indignantly exclaiming: "Sir, where is my fellow now?" This is considered a freak of genius, but a man of common sense would have accepted the check and checked his rising passions.—*Boston Gazette.*

A LARGE FEE.

Sir Astley Cooper, the celebrated surgeon, is said to have received the largest fee ever given for an operation. It was upon an old gentleman seventy years of age, a resident of the West Indies, who being afflicted, went to England to undergo an operation. It was performed with Sir Astley Cooper's accustomed ability; and upon visiting him one day, when he was able to quit his bed, he observed to his surgeon that he had fees for his physician, but not his surgeon. He desired to know the amount of his debt, and Sir Astley replied: "Two hundred guineas." "Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I shan't give you two hundred guineas; there, that is what I shall give you!" taking off his nightcap and tossing it to Sir Astley. "Thank you, sir," said the surgeon; "anything from you is acceptable;" and he put the cap in his pocket. Upon examination, it was found to contain a check for a thousand guineas.—*Medical Journal.*

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one, but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight; and how many are there, who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom, or learning, nay, as it should seem, in their defiance; and this without appearing even to know that they possess it.—*Cumberland.*

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It is without doubt the best Pictorial now published. The reading matter is of the first order, and the engravings cannot be excelled.—*Dem. Union, Frederick, Md.*

Ballou's Pictorial leads all the embellished publications in the world.—*Christian Advocate, Buffalo, N. Y.*

A brilliant illustrated Journal.—*Warsaw (Indiana) Republican.*

Mr. Ballou seems resolved to make a paper which shall be a credit to the whole country.—*Middletown (Penn.) Advocate.*

It comes out dressed in very white paper, clear and beautiful type, superior illustrations, and a rich table of contents.—*Clinton (Mo.) Courant.*

We cannot too highly commend *Ballou's Pictorial.* No family can be in the weekly receipt of this admirable illustrated paper without constantly realizing fresh impulses to love all that is beautiful in art, and also attaining to a vast fund of exceedingly valuable information of localities, and of eminent characters throughout the world, to be obtained in no other way.—*Vermont Watchman.*

It is a splendid paper and can defy competition.—*Newark (N. Y.) Wag.*

A truly national work that should gladden every domestic fire-side of the great West.—*Wanerville (Arkansas) Star.*

A world-renowned Pictorial.—*Argus, Ballous Falls, Vt.*

Your paper is the most pleasant and valuable visitor that enters my family circle.—*Subscriber's letter, Beaufort, So. Carolina.*

We have the means of knowing that 107,000 of Ballou's Pictorial are now printed.—*Evening Gazette, Boston.*

It is the best paper of the kind ever printed in this country, abounding with handsome illustrations of scenes, views and men of the past and present.—*Fredericksburg (Va.) Herald.*

The Pictorial merits the prodigious patronage it receives.—*Washington (D. C.) Union.*

We take great pleasure in commending this matchless weekly journal.—*Wisconsin Pinery, Stevens Point, Wis.*

One of the most moral, entertaining and instructive family newspapers of the day.—*Nantucket (Mass.) Inquirer.*

A popular and beautiful work.—*Hempstead, L. I. Star.*

The standard of its literature becomes continually elevated, while its profusion of illustrations are finely executed, and of endless variety.—*Westchester (N. Y.) Herald.*

Those who have been pleased with the past conduct and contents of this illustrated sheet, cannot but be delighted with the improvements under its new proprietorship.—*The Burr Oak, Juneau, Wisconsin.*

The only American illustrated weekly worth having.—*Attica (N. Y.) Atlas.*

It is fully equal to anything in the art of printing we have seen.—*Monmouth Democrat, Freehold, N. J.*

Every department of the Pictorial is conducted with a spirit and enterprise which secures the services of the best writers, artists and mechanics in this country, who combine in their turn to render this sheet the most interesting and *handsomest in the world.*—*Plymouth (Mass.) Rock.*

There is not a handsomer sheet published in the world.—*Lycoming Gazette, Williamsport, Pa.*

Its engravings alone are worth more than the subscription price.—*Gazette, Leesburg, Va.*

It is printed on the finest of satin surface paper, and contains eight super royal quarto pages of engravings in each number. We commend it to our readers.—*Republican, Charlottesville, Va.*

A sterling Boston Pictorial, the pride of this city and the Union.—*South Boston Gazette.*

I have yet to find the first indelicate word or immoral allusion in your beautiful Pictorial. I give it to my wife and daughters with confidence and with pleasure.—*Subscriber's letter, Dover, N. H.*

The numbers from week to week are a brilliant record of the times in pictorial form, and few persons of taste will be without it.—*Boston Daily Times.*

It is ahead of the famous London News in the beauty of its typography.—*Literary Echo, R. I.*

It is decidedly the richest paper published in the Union, and the plates and engravings are worth quadruple the subscription price. Every family should take it.—*American Citizen, Jackson, Mich.*

Travel where you may now through the United States, you see this handsome and interesting journal.—*Darlington Sentinel, Vt.*

It is the most attractive weekly that is published in the country.—*Southern Star, La.*

It is a paper that should be on the parlor table of every lady throughout the city, and in fact, a room fitted up for a parlor cannot be complete without it.—*News, Newport, Kentucky.*

This elegant weekly journal is doing much for art in this country.—*Boston Daily Atlas.*

A copy should grace every drawing-room table.—*Albany Atlas, N. Y.*

It is the cheapest paper in the world.—*Pawtucket Dectory, R. I.*

The object of the paper is to present in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its mechanical execution, an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UN

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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STEAM NAVIGATION.

Steam is revolutionizing the navigat ocean, just as it is revolutionizing tra land. On shore it has turned everyth turvy—we beg leave to say that we do to erratic excursions of engines, tenders down embankments, in which they bring up with their wheels in the air smoke-pipes and roofs underneat; acci happen in the best regulated families, a not be unkindly alluded to. Steam almost monopolized our river navigati the broad Atlantic was called on to be to its achievements. The new era we rated by the sailing of Fulton's little the "Clermont," from New York fo August 7, 1807, nearly half a centu Not many years afterwards an Americ vessel made her way to Europe, the f ocean steam navigation. But so late Dr. Lardner demonstrated that the oc not be successfully navigated by steam work, in which this deliberate decision rived at, was hardly off the press befo periment was successfully made, and and new world were brought close tog

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Steam is revolutionizing the navigation of the ocean, just as it is revolutionizing travelling on land. On shore it has turned everything topsy-turvy—ere long leave to say that we do not refer to erratic excursions of engines, tenders and cars down embankments, in which they generally bring up with their wheels in the air and their smoke-pipes and roofs undermost; accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and should not be unkindly alluded to. Steam had long almost monopolized our river navigation before the broad Atlantic was called on to bear witness to its achievements. The new era was inaugurated by the sailing of Fulton's little steamer, the "Clermont," from New York for Albany, August 7, 1807, nearly half a century since. Not many years afterwards an American steam vessel made her way to Europe, the pioneer of ocean steam navigation. But so late as 1838 Dr. Lardner demonstrated that the ocean could not be successfully navigated by steam. The work, in which this deliberate decision was arrived at, was hardly off the press before the experiment was successfully made, and the old and new worlds were brought close together.

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We have seen that the honor of sending the first steam vessel across the Atlantic belongs to America; and if the British justly claim the honor of establishing the first regular trans-atlantic steam line, still we have saved our credit by building faster and more splendid steam vessels than they have done, unless we except the Persia, which managed, in the easterly passage, on one occasion to beat Collins's best time. The last American achievement is the Collins steamer Adriatic, of 5888 tons burthen, or 288 tons larger than the Persia. She falls in size behind the Great Eastern, the English steamer now building, which measures 25,000 tons, but few people believe that that leviathan will ever cross the ocean. Our practical ship-builders contend that she has far surpassed a manageable size, and that she will be utterly uncontrollable.

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SPORTING TOOLS.—A new machine has been invented which will manufacture out of cold lead 200 bullets of four different kinds, in one minute.

ASTONISHING JOHN BULL.

We lately took up an old English newspaper, of the year 1814, which contained an amazed notice of the enormous line-of-battle ships then building for the American navy, exhibiting no little alarm at their dimensions, and at the promptitude with which they were equipped. That was in war time, and the performance of those vessels justified the forebodings their equipment inspired. Times have changed since then. In the interval we have had many a diplomatic row with old Johnny, but haven't come to blows yet, and we hope we never shall. Johnny knows the consequences of another set-to. As Colonel Damas says: "It's astonishing how much I respect a man after I've fought with him!" Our friends over the way know, too, we have not been sleeping on our laurels, and that we have not forgotten the golden maxim, "in peace prepare for war." Captain Pendergrast lately made them a flying visit in the noble frigate Merrimac, and they were astounded and delighted with her. for John is an honest fellow and hearty in his commendations when he is pleased. The London News said:

"There are many things in this frigate deserving the attention of Englishmen. Her quarters for fighting are very roomy compared with those of English line-of-battle ships, crowded as the latter are with guns and men. Thus, in battle, there would be far less destruction of life on board the Merrimac than on board an English ship. The paucity of guns on board the frigate is compensated for by their large calibre, and the frigate being more easily managed than our three-deckers, she would with her artillery, superior both in length of range and power of mischief, do fearful damage to the largest line-of-battle ships before the latter could approach her. These have been the reasons that have induced the Americans to build and arm such frigates as the Merrimac. The Merrimac took two years in building. She is the smallest of six frigates, built on the same plan, the names of the others being the Wabash, Minnesota, Colorado, Roanoke and Niagara."

A Yankee tar on board the Merrimac, one day, when a cockney visitor was complimenting the "fine frigate," said: "Come, nabor, don't be fooling on us. We *call* her a frigate, to be sure, but lor' bless you! 'long side of some of our liners, she don't seem bigger than a tug." The effect of this audacious reply was, as Domine Sampson says, "pro-di-gious!"

BRITISH PLUCK.

There is no mistake that our neighbors, the British, are "carved out of solid pluck." Emerson tells us how the quality of courage is prized among them, by every class, high or low. Gen. Charles Windham, the hero of the Redan, is one of the pluckiest of modern Englishmen. When a young guardsman, he was travelling with a privaze of his regiment through Syria, under the escort of an Arab sheik and a large body of his native followers. A bargain had been made with the sheik, but at a certain point of the journey he refused to proceed without a thousand dollars were added to the stipulated remuneration. The dragoman advised compliance with the exorbitante demand, but young Windham had the boldness, in the face of the wild sand of Arabs, to seize the chief, hurl him to the ground, and there give him a sound flogging with his hunting-whip. The Arab, completely cowed, expressed repentance and submission, and from that time till the conclusion of the journey faithfully performed his guide and escort duty. British pluck was more than a match for Arab audacity.

BATTLE OF THE RATS.—After the recent departure of the French troops from the military camp near Boulogne, any number of dogs and cats were left behind, and fell victims to the law's dread decrees. But the butchery of rats was terrible. The people of the neighborhood, fearing to be eaten out of barns and houses by the devouring race, united in one horde, turned out *en masse*, and a regular battle of the rats took place. It ended in the death of four thousand of them—that many rat tails being tied in bunches and counted.

BINDING THE FLAG.—Large numbers of our patrons carefully preserve their weekly numbers of *The Flag of our Union* and bring them in so as to bind as the close of the year. It makes a fine volume and neat table ornament, with a vast fund of pleasant reading. Charge for binding in a strong and ornamental style, only $1 50 each.

LADIES AND CAVALRY.—The Arabs say that he who forgets the beauty of horses for the beauty of women will never prosper. It is easy to conciliate both:

"His horse and his sword,
And his lady the poet rehearses,
Were all that were loved
By Orlando the fearless."

SPLENDID GIFT.—The people of Brooklyn, N. Y., have subscribed $10,000 to purchase a house and lot to be given to their mayor, Hall, in acknowledgement of his kindness to the sick and his exertions in prevening the spread of the yellow fever last summer.

ABOUT TIME.—The emperor of Russia has decided to introduce the New Style, or Gregorian calendar, into his domain, and thus do away with the difference of twelve days between that and the present mode of reckoning time.

THALBERG.—Thalberg, the great pianist, is not a puny, sickly-looking genius, but a "robustious perivig-pated" fellow, with the air of a jolly, well-to-do Western farmer.

INGRATITUDE OF REPUBLICS.—Neither Fenimore Mollett received a single vote at the Presidential election, in spite of the professions of their friends.

WESTERN COAL.—It is estimated that the coal fields of Illinois turn out 862,000 tons annually. This coal is now used on locomotives.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The recent races in Boston are the last under the auspices of the Agricultural Association.

There is no prospect of a speedy exhaustion of the gold mines in California.

It is said that indigo dyers are apt to be blue and scarlet dyers fiery.

English ship Pride cleared lately from Quebec with 50,000 bushels of wheat on board.

Mr. Joy's "Ragged School," in Boston, has about 150 pupils in attendance.

Deacon Walker, of Bradford, Me., lately lost his arm in a threshing machine.

Fort Colville mines, in Oregon, are said to be amazingly rich in gold.

Under Albert Smith's initials, A. S., a wag wrote "two-thirds of the truth."

Fame, like a river, is narrowest at its birthplace, widest afar off.

An English writer thinks the remains of Pizarro might be bought from the people of Lima.

Rage often supplies the lack of arguments in popular debate.

The great State of Illinois contains exactly one hundred counties.

The first gristmill ever erected in Pennsylvania is still in existence.

Lord Bollingbroke in deciding a great question always consulted a lady.

A child was recently carried off by a bear in Wisconsin, near Neshota.

The Newport Mercury describes an acre of menhaden in one shoal.

The practicability of a telegraph from Ireland to Newfoundland is undoubted.

In the spring a horse railroad will be built from South Boston to Boston proper.

The vintage of Italy this year turned out to be pretty fair, after all.

Judge Haliburton, author of Sam Slick, has gone to live in England.

Mexico owes to British capitalists $51,000,000 and can't and wont pay.

For more than half a century free Switzerland has furnished hireling soldiers for despots.

A young girl in Paris killed herself because she was marked by the small pox.

At a recent marriage in church in this city, tickets of admission were required.

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.

Few of our city readers are unacquainted with the person of a blind man who, guided by his faithful dog, has travelled our streets for years, supporting himself honorably by the sale of books and stationery. The quiet and gentlemanly manners of this individual, and the devoted attachment of the faithful animal, who has been for so long his guide and friend, have awakened the respect and interest of thousands in New England. Mr. Abram V. Courtney, the name of the gentleman above referred to, has, we are happy to hear, recorded the story of his eventful life in book form, and, we presume, will be his own bookseller. His narrative, of which we have seen a specimen, cannot fail to be interesting and instructive; and we trust that every one who has the means to buy a book will buy his. They will confer a favor on a worthy recipient, and at the same time get back a full equivalent. "Caper," the faithful dog, figures largely in these pages.

EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.—A mechanic in France has succeeded in contriving a duck, which not only goes through all the motions of the celebrated Vaucanson's, but can actually take wing, sustain itself in the air for a considerable time, and then alight. The first time it was tried the casing was much damaged by a charge of shot fired into it by an incautious sportsman, who was not aware that it was artificial. Mr. Tropdur, the inventor, has offered it to the emperor for 25,000 francs, but he would make much more, we should think, by exhibiting his wonderful and curious toy.

LARGE FEE.—Captain Albert Pike, of Arkansas, is said to have recently gained a suit in the U. S. Supreme Court, at Washington, D. C., on an Indian claim for $320,000, for which he is to receive the snug fee of $160,000, being one half of the value. This is Pike the poet, who commanded a splendid troop of horse in the Mexican war, and did good service on "Buena Vista's bloody field."

THE CAPITOL.—Two bronze doors in the extension of the capitol at Washington cost the sum of $47,000. Revolutionary scenes are carved on them in bas relief. The extension will cost three or four times as much as the first estimate—of course.

TREE-PLANTING.—Don't transplant trees in the fall. The roots are more or less injured in transplanting, and are apt to decay as the cold weather sets in; whereas in spring they are full of vigor, and rapidly recover under the same circumstances.

GLAD OF IT.—The camels which were introduced in Texas are said to be doing finely, and are well adapted to the frontier service, for which they are designed. *More* "Campbells are coming—O! ho! O! ho!"

PRODIGIOUS.—The Hartford (Ct.) Courant says there is a baby in that city, only five months old, and weighing one hundred and fifty six pounds! Either the baby or the story is a whopper!

GOAD TEACHING.—In the Church education schools in Ireland, the children—90,000 in number—have been instructed to destroy every weed they see.

HOME.—Home is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart—an important fact, which some householders seem never to have learned.

HEMPEN FABRICS.—"By this cordage," wrote Cowles, "ships are guided, bells are rung, and rogues are kept in awe."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Mabel, the Rector's Ward;" or, Truth and Treason in 1777-'8. A tale of love and loyalty, by Major Ben: Perley Poore.

"Fort Niagara," a poem by James F. Fitts.

"Nellie Kent," a story by Rowena Reade.

"Wenonah," a poetical Indian legend, by Walter Barry.

"Impromptus," verse, by Blanche D'Arville.

"The Rival Lovers," a tale by Mrs. Caroline Orne.

"The Memory of Little Susie," verses by Caroline Wetherbee.

"Love and Duty," a story by Mary A. Lowell.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of Macdonough's Victory on Lake Champlain.

Views of the well known and extensive Rag Manufactory of Messrs. Folsom and Bowker, Commercial Street, Boston, giving two views of the Cutting and Sewing Room, the Printing Department and the Counting Room.

A picture of Messrs. Chickerings' beautiful and unequalled Grand Piano Forte, exhibited at the late Mechanics Fair in Boston.

Representation of the Royal Palace at Madrid, Spain.

Delineation of localities on Cape Cod, giving a picture of Pond Village, Truro, Mass.; view of Provincetown; picture of Highland and of Race Point Light, Whalemill near Highland Light, and Truro Beach.

Portrait of the late lamented artist, Seth Cheney.

A characteristic delineation of a Gipsy Camp—a scene in Merrie England.

A large whole page picture, giving to the life a representation of a Wild Boar Hunt in Algeria.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Prince Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, has arrived in Paris.

A cargo of 40,000 men is to be soon established at Chalons Sur Madre.

Denmark has consented to a reduction of the Land Transit duties, preparatory to a reduction of the Sound dues.

It is rumored that the Rothschilds have contracted with the Bank of France to supply gold to the amount of 6,400 000 rubles.

The new Honolulu paper, the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser," has 568 subscribers, among whom are between 80 and 90 natives.

Application has been made to the Portuguese government for authority to lay down an electric telegraph between Portugal and Brazil.

Letters from Paris on the financial crisis are less favorable. The bullion in the bank is said to be steadily increasing, both in Paris and at the branches.

The advices from Bombay, of date Sept. 12, are filled with accounts of the preparations made by the Indian and British governments to invade Persia. The reason of the invasion is the reported occupation of Herat by the Persian troops.

A revolutionary document, addressed to the Italian people, and purporting to be signed by a committee for the people and students of Paris, has been secretly posted in various quarters of Paris. It urges them to arms, and promises assistance.

There is a rumor from England to the effect that an English earl, who was engaged in the Crimean war, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the noble-hearted and self-sacrificing Florence Nightingale. She has been elected an honorary life-governor of the Royal Free Hospital, London.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Yesterday has been poetically called the "elder brother of to-day."

It is with life as with coffee, he who would drink it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

The most important principle, perhaps, in life is to have a pursuit—a useful one if possible, and at all events an innocent one.

With our narrow, partial views, it is very difficult to feel the evil of an error strongly, and yet to think kindly of him in whom we see it.

It is not your business, but the energy and prudence with which you conduct it, that will decide between your success or failure.

The past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present, was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it.

We may lay in a stock of pleasures, as we would lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer the tasting of them too long we shall find that both are soured by age.

The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody. Lord Brougham calls it "the best public instructor."

Vanity is the very antidote to conceit; for while the former makes us all nerve to the opinion of others, the latter is perfectly satisfied with its opinion of itself.

There is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the humblest, how desirous they are to have an inscription over their graves.

Fate is less capricious than is imagined. Nearly all men have through life, in their several grades, the same average of opportunities. It is he who can seize and connect them, and by keen sight and ready experience, calculate on their recurrence, for whom men have their applause and fortune her garland.

Joker's Budget.

What grows less tired the more it works? A carriage wheel.

A woman may laugh too much. It is only a man that can always afford to show his teeth.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house as my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

"There is a right and a wrong way in doing everything," as the Frenchman said, who wrote a book on the best way of blowing out a candle.

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her—and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.

A brass plate, a wife, and a night-bell, are the three first things that it is incumbent upon a medical man to procure and exhibit.—*Albert Smith.*

"Prose and Verse" is the title of one of Mark Lemon's late books. Douglas Jerrold was asked his opinion of it. "Prose and—Worse," replied the wit. Neat, but severe, that.

In "Aspenwald," recently published in New York, an intellectual looking young lady asks Mrs. Derby, who has been very communicative in the praises of George Sand, if she could tell us the time that makes the celebrated sarsaparilla!

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to an Albany locomotive shop for one hundred "cow catchers." He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

"How shall I take this old coat apart?" said an industrious wife to her waggish husband. "Why, you should know, my dear; you made it, you know. I should say, do it pretty much as you put it together, for as you sew so shall you rip—you know!"

Quill and Scissors.

Dr. Peck, an English traveller, recently exhibited to a learned society, in England, a singular specimen of a flower, which he obtained in Egypt from a mummy, and for which no place in botany has yet been assigned. The flower has had it nine years, and has exhibited it a thousand times, by dipping it into water a few minutes, when it gradually expands or blossoms. It is, when open, about one inch in diameter.

The United States was the first nation in the world to make the African slave trade piracy. It began the work of legislation as to it, March 22, 1794; it is followed on in subsequent years, dated 1800, May 10; 1803, February 28; 1807, March 2; 1818, April 2; 1819, March 3. Not a slave, it is said, has been imported into this country, after 1808.

A great breeze has been raised in Detroit in consequence of the discovery of horse flesh in sausages, made by a German in that city. According to French authority, horse beef is as good as any; and in Paris at the present time, sorrel steaks, iron gray chops and roan sausages are eaten with great relish.

Late Nashville papers announce the death of Gen. William Hall, one of the oldest and most distinguished citizens of Tennessee. General Hall died at his residence in Sumner county, in the 83d year of his age. At different periods of his life he had filled most of the high offices in the State.

The Masons of New York State are about to erect a temple in that city, which is to cost about $300,000. It will exceed in magnificence and finish anything of the kind on this continent. It is to be five stories high, of white marble, one hundred feet front by one hundred and twenty-five deep.

The New York Tribune gives the total increase of their circulation in the last five years as 216,640 copies, or 48 328 per annum. Its total circulation in 1851 was 60,660; at present it is 278,000. It is the greatest newspaper establishment in the world.

William Jones, Jr., of Mobile, Alabama, has ordered a first class locomotive to be built for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, which he intends presenting to the company. It will cost from ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars.

The Jamaica Journal says that the present year's crop of allspice—pimento—will fall far short of the ordinary average. In many parishes it has failed. On many properties that have generally realized 2000 bags they will not reap 100.

Trinity Church spire, in New York city, is 264 feet high; St. Paul's, 272 feet. The Presbyterian Church spire, in Cincinnai, 272 feet, and old St. Peter's Church, in Philadelphia, is 283 feet; St. Peter's, at Rome, 550 feet.

During the past year the precious metals coined at the eight mints of Mexico amounted to $16,338,225 in silver, and $956,222 in gold. It is estimated that besides this, bar silver to the value of ten millions was exported.

A short time since, at Antwerp, a child was stifled in a cradle by a cat coming into the room and living on the child's face. The parents were asleep in the same room, but did not discover the unfortunate circumstance till morning.

Since 1838 the gross produce of the gold mines of North Carolina, as far as indicated by the mint returns, is $4,213,336, and of Georgia, $5,685 864—a total of $9,918,200 for the whole period.

Leicester, Worcester county, Mass., was named in compliment to Governor Dudley, he being one of the grantees or proprietors of the township, and a descendant of Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

The long drought in the Western States has very much reduced the size of the rivers; and upon the Mississipi and other large streams even impeded navigation.

Counterfeit two dollar bills on the Bank of North America, Providence, R. I., and on the Bank of North America, Seymour, Conn., are circulating.

A new and elegant steamer now in process of building in New York, will be put on the route between Gardiner, Me., and Boston next spring.

Mr. Lake Brooks, of Weston, was instantly killed while walking on the railroad track at Waltham, lately.

The recent fire at Norfolk, Va., extended over the same ground desolated by the same cause in 1814.

Two slaves recently murdered their master at Greenville, S. C., by pouring boiling water down his throat.

The transactions of the Boston Clearing House for the month ending October 31, amounted to $141,642,141.

There were in the United States Treasury, October 31, $24,000,000.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. David H. Jones to Miss Jane I. Adams.

By Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Thomas Martin to Miss Mary Gilda.

By Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. William H. Wilson to Miss Mary Ann Harris.

By Rev. Mr. Putnam, of Roxbury, William B. Wentor, Esq. to Miss Charlotte L. Fisk.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George W. Harris to Miss Anna L. Sleth.

By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. George F. Wilde to Miss Julia Cabot.

By Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Matthew Taylor to Miss Sarah Bride.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Irwin, Mr. Samuel T. Bliss, of East Boston, to Miss Miss H. Pierce.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Charles S. Lincoln, Esq. to Miss Louise E. Pimpston.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Simon E. Phinney to Miss Mary E. Reese.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. Edward F. Dearborn to Miss Louisa M. Wood.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Charles F. Bartlett to Miss Rebecca B. Woodbue.

At West Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Lucius S. Diamond to Miss Mary M. Smith.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. John G. Flanders, of New York, to Miss Anna Plummer.

At Brookfield, by Rev. Mr. Hunting, Mr. Aaron M. Jacobs, of Boston, to Miss Fannie E. Fairbanks.

At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. James N. Thurber to Miss Martha S. Potter.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. John M. Gibbons, 67; Miss Lucretia L. Fuller, 52; Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Rhen B. Thorndike, 52; Mr. Joseph S. Rogers, 45; Mrs. Abigail Lovis, 67; Mrs. Mary Goodrich, 76; Widow Jemima Wilmot; Mrs. Thankful Cronin Bean, 41.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah L. Robbins, 40; Mr. John Miles, 67.

At Chelsea, Miss Rebecca W. Edwards, 24.

At Cambridge, Mr. William Augustus Hall, 39.

At East Cambridge, Mr. John H. Wheeler, 40.

At Jamaica Plain, Mr. William Winchester, Jr., 31.

At Somerville, Miss Lucy Jane Palmer, 23.

At New England Village, Mr. Henry Nelson, 37.

At Waltham, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Grant, 58.

At Lynn, Mrs. Priscilla Sand, 75; Mrs. Sarah Ellen Taylor, 29.

At Salem, Mr. Edward C. Jenkins, 33; Miss Catherine E. Arrington, 27; Widow Methitable Chester, 75; Mrs. Ann Briggs, 87.

At Marblehead, Mrs. Hannah D. Giedler, 69; Mr. Albert C. Magoun, 28.

At Lexington, Mrs. Sarah Jane Merriam, 30.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Judith Cooper, 52; Widow Mary L. Wilder, 79.

At Plymouth, Mr. Theodore Weld Morton, 27; Mr. Elias Thomas, 78; Mr. Elijah Attwood, 87.

At Worcester, Mrs. Judith Robinson, 86; Widow Hitchcock Bemis, 69; Mrs. Rhea M. Tuft, 66.

At Hartford, Mrs. Nancy Tiet, 72.

At Northfield, Sarah, widow of Dea. Josiah Nash, 86.

At New Hartford, Mr. John Comer, 74.

At Ashfield, Dr. Enos Smith, 86.

At Windsor, Widow Wealthy Marcumber, 96.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOW SOLEMN THE KNELL.

BY ROBERT B. MCKAY.

How solemn the knell, that comes from the bell,
That speaks the departure of one,
Who here on life's shore, alas! is no more,
Who a life all unknown has begun.

How mournful the dirge, to our hearts let it urge,
From the ways of the wicked to flee;
For soon the same peal our own doom may seal,
And we be launched into eternity.

For none can e'er say, that he ever could stay
The onward career of grim Death;
The rich and the poor, the good and ill doer,
He scatters alike by his breath.

His course it is straight, for none he will wait,
While they finish life's pleasures that's here;
The "wages of sin" are for him here to win,
And he'll spare not when once he is near.

O then let us give our hearts while we live,
Unto God, that then in our need,
As he shall draw near, we may meet without fear,
The form on the pale-spectred steed.

'Tis the wicked who shun the mention of one,
And hope that he'll ride by them past;
But the righteous they see that this day it will free
Earth's chains which around them are cast.

Then you do laugh, and you who do quaff
The goblet of pleasure so free,
Remember, and think, that perhaps on the brink,
Of the dark river to morrow you'll be.

Remember that peal, as it o'er you may steal,
Let it not be a warning in vain;
And pause ere you waste, in trifles time's space,
As those hours you cannot regain.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ANGELA.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"WILL you come to our May breakfast?" said a voice, as I was sitting in the twilight of an April day. I looked round and saw my sweet little friend, Angela Woodworth, whom every one else called "Ange," but whom I always called "Angel." And an angel spirit she truly had, although she walked the earth in visible form.

And yet Angela was not one of those thin, impalpable creatures, who "make no shadow when they walk." Nor was she a combination of blue veins, pink cheeks and drooping shoulders, which many people think so essential in their ideas of purity and delicacy. She was not at all fragile and sad looking. Her form was round in its youthful beauty, her cheek had a healthful glow, her eyes were full and lustrous, and her voice, though soft and sweet, was full and musical in its rich volume.

Angela had a *mother*. Not that being who presides over the embroidered robes and outward adornments of her child; but who cared intensely for her inner life;—and while she kept the outward beautifully free from soil or stain, was yet never unmindful of the sacred light which illumined the crystal vase committed to her care.

Another child had been Mrs. Woodworth's for a few brief years—a son, whose rich promise was blighted early, had engrossed the fullest love of her heart; and the blow which deprived her of him almost prostrated her. It was not until the little Angela came, that the bitter agony of this discipline of sorrow was subdued; and coming as the comforter, she was doubly welcome and doubly dear. Angela was now nearly fifteen; but she preserved her beautifully childlike disposition, as well as the sweet and innocent look of earliest youth.

Such was the dear one that stood by my side in that twilight hour, and asked me to join the May party, which was to assemble at Mr. Woodworth's house the next morning. I promised to be with her; and on the following morning I rose early, went into the garden and gathered the few crocuses and forget-me-nots which had already bloomed, to add a gift to the floral crown of the May Queen, whom I doubted not would be Angel herself.

Although so much older than she, yet she had from childhood manifested so much pleasure in my friendship, that even from that circumstance alone, apart from her beauty and goodness, I should have been attracted to her; and I looked forward to her prospective reign of this morning with as much interest as one could well feel in such a matter.

As I anticipated, all went on beautifully. Angel was strenuous in not accepting the crown and sceptre; but her little friends would not hear of any other arrangement; and she queened it admirably. Her parents watched her with the eyes of gratified affection, and other friends looked on and sympathized with their pleasure.

Three years passed. The shadow of affliction had darkened over my pathway, and the discipline which I endured could only have been borne as coming from the hand of the Good Father, who ordereth all things aright. During these three years, I had been absent, ministering to grief and pain, and learning such bitter lessons in adversity that even now I shudder to recall that mournful season to remembrance. At the end of that period, I returned to that which was home no longer, because the light of a beautiful face had gone out, and the shadows on the family hearth had deepened into darkness. In my agony I had asked: "Why, O why, must I have been singled out to meet this great sorrow? What had I done which needed this sharp discipline?" And my soul answered: "Did He (whose name must not be written on a page so light as this), did He not give you the blessing you needed, in leaving for your inheritance the crown of thorns and the cross?" And over this, I bowed my head in silence.

On the first Sabbath after I returned, I saw Angela at church. Three years had brought an added loveliness to her face, a more perfect roundness to her figure; and a beautiful dignity had taken the place of her childlike appearance. She recognized me at once, and beckoned me to a seat beside her. It was a front pew in which we sat, and as the afternoon sun streamed through the beautiful stained windows of the church, it shone goldenly upon the large tablet beside the pulpit. As it rose up steadily, it illumined with brilliant light the words inscribed thereon, "Our Father, which art in heaven!" Stealing onward and upward, it dwelt a brief moment on the sentence above the prayer, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." I saw Angela's face flush with emotion as she looked upon the divine words; and when I afterwards saw her reverently accepting the sacred symbols of communion, I felt that the promise of her pure and beautiful childhood was fulfilled.

I visited her home, and found her as dutcous and obedient as ever; as much the light and blessing of that home as when she sat as the May Queen on her flower-strewn throne. We are apt to think of such beings, that their lives must pass away like "the light and the loveliness of a song;" that sorrow and suffering cannot come over the charmed circle which surrounds them. Alas! there is no life, however beautiful, that the angel of affliction does not overshadow with its wings.

The Woodworths, with some other friends, had planned an excursion to the Highlands, a fine place, a few miles distant, and every preparation, which taste and fancy could suggest, was made to meet the festive occasion. Servants were sent on before, to have everything in order for a collation, which was to be enjoyed in a rustic arbor formed by the overhanging trees. Immense masses of ivy and wild grapes lay heavily overhead, while fast by ran a stream whose pure waters supplied the table with its icy coolness. Around this spring grew flowers of every hue that bloom in our American forests; while the many colored mosses hid the roughnesses of the huge rocks, and contrasted finely with the deep, rich emerald of the grass.

In this delicious spot we passed the long summer day, and when the twilight deepened into evening, the horses were brought round, and we started off under the quiet starlight. We had a wild road to pass over—for a railroad had superseded the necessity of keeping the other in very good condition, and we found it imperative upon all our party to keep in the very middle of the rough patch we were in. In carriages, it would have been impossible to get along at all with only starlight to show the deficiences of the road; and when, as was frequently the case, we passed through dense, forest-like paths, we were obliged to trust wholly to the instincts of our horses, which carried us wherever they would, without any guide from our hands.

We had nearly reached the railroad crossing before we heard the cars, and we agreed that no horse should be allowed to pass under the arch until the train had got completely over the course; a vain precaution, it seemed, for at the moment that the whistle was heard, the horses started in affright, and ran galloping through the arch. It was a heavy train, which took several minutes before it could pass over. Mr. Woodworth was the last rider, and he was shouting gaily to his wife and daughter who had just passed him, when they heard a terrible crash just behind. He had fallen from the horse, the animal becoming frightened, probably, from the sound of the cars directly overhead, and before he could be extricated life was gone.

It would be cruel to attempt painting the distress, not only of the half distracted mother and daughter, but of the rest of the party at this termination of the day which had promised and attained so much enjoyment. It was not until weeks afterwards that they realized the bitter meaning of their sorrow. The excitement consequent upon this event, the crowds of friends who came, the necessary forms of law, and the unavoidable meetings with business people, which in cases like theirs always come between a deep grief and the actual realization of it, all helped to keep down and stifle the tears, the heavy sobs, the terrible certainty, which can only be fully known, when the mourners can sit down by the deserted hearth and look tearfully and tremblingly into the face of the phantom which stands there in place of the beloved whom he has sent away.

Mrs. Woodworth and Angela were alone in the world, as far as any tie of relationship of a near character existed, except indeed, that she knew that her husband had sometimes answered letters from a brother and sister who resided in a distant State. That there was something painful connected with them, she believed fully, from the memory which she had of his always appearing sad and gloomy whenever a letter arrived from this source, and she had often noticed that his answers contained money. To these relatives Mrs. Woodworth deemed it proper to announce the death of her husband; and the announcement brought her two visitors the next week, with whose presence she could easily have dispensed.

Hiram Woodworth, the brother, was a hard, cold, savage looking man, and Mrs. Woodworth had great difficulty in reconciling the fact of his near relationship with one so manly, handsome and amiable as her husband. From the sister, equally hard and cold, she shrank with even greater dislike. Angela tried hard to conquer her own and her mother's feelings; but it was impossible to like them, and their presence was a constant source of annoyance and irritation.

The first question asked by both brother and sister was, "How much did Charles leave?" The second was, "Where is it invested?" Sad as she felt, Mrs. Woodworth knew instinctively that these were queries which no one except those whom she legally consulted had a right to put to her; and her temper was roused sufficiently to give them an answer which she thought would effectually silence them.

Nothing, however, could ever put down Mr. Hiram Woodworth, and he attacked Angela on the subject whenever he could find her alone. Neither was the sister at all delicate, and frequently she would ask her if she intended doing anything for a living, now that her father was dead. Nor did Angela's quickly dropping tears seem to suggest to her that the subject was one that should, at present, be interdicted.

Mr. Woodworth had retired from business two years before his death, and his property was nearly all invested in stock in a city bank. There, of course, it was his widow's intention to let it remain at present; but she declined all conversation with her new relations; and after the first week she kept them at a distance by confining herself principally to her own chamber. Hiram lounged about the house, making himself perfectly at home, inspecting the premises, and calculating the cost of all his late brother's improvements. Judith Woodworth, the sister, made herself equally busy with the domestic department. There was not a closet nor drawer that did not undergo her searching process; and her fingers ached sorely to get at the keys of desks and boxes which were locked. Once Angela found her fumbling with a bunch of keys, which she had taken from her own pocket, at the lock of Mr. Woodworth's private desk, which stood in a small room adjoining the parlor. She rushed forward to protect it from being opened, and calling a servant she ordered it to be taken to her mother's chamber. She was unwilling to tell her mother how much she was annoyed by these things, and yet she could not do otherwise. The still, quiet kind of life which the Woodworths had always led, made them unusually open to annoyances of such a nature. The three had made a home which could not be invaded from without, unless special permission had been granted; and now, when everything which had belonged to the beloved husband and father had assumed a new sacredness in their eyes, it was too painful to have a stranger's hand intermeddling with the precious relics.

It was odd enough to see Judith Woodworth going about the house and directing the old and long-tried servants, who knew perfectly their mistress's ways, and whom she had always trusted implicitly. To the cook she would give a smart lesson upon wastefulness; and even while, for a moment, the kitchen would be vacated, she would hunt up something in their absence for which to scold them on their return.

"I would not leave you, ma'am," said Andrews, a man who had been in the family for seven years, "but I cannot stand this man—" (He could not bring his lips to say Mr. Woodworth—the name was too dear). "He has ordered me to do everything different from what I was told before—before—"

Poor fellow! he broke down here, and the tears ran down his withered cheek, which he wiped away with the back of his brown hand.

"You must not think of leaving us," said Mrs. Woodworth. "I will see that you have nothing more to complain of."

Roused by the murmurs which continually met her ear, Mrs. Woodworth resolved, if possible, to put an end to this terrible visit, which she felt, like Andrews, that she could not "stand." She sent for Hiram and Judith to meet her in the little room, from which everything belonging to her husband had been removed. She had herself furnished a suite of mourning for the sister, but even now she was dressed in the same colors as before Mr. Woodworth's death. Judith Woodworth was between forty and fifty. Her form was hard, stiff and angular. There were the faint traces of former beauty in her face, but it had so long remained covered by the crust which worldliness and avarice had hardened there, that they were nearly obliterated.

She sat down close by Hiram, as if to prop up his courage in facing Mrs. Woodworth. Their embarrassment was mingled with a sort of defiance, for it was evident that they expected some kind of rebuff. Mrs. Woodworth commenced by saying to Hiram, "It is now two weeks since my husband left me, and the brief visit which I supposed his relatives would make has extended to this time. I have some arrangements to make which concern only myself and my daughter. Any stranger would hinder and trouble us in these, and as the occasion has gone by which demanded your presence, it would be considered a greater favor to leave us together than to remain. You will excuse me, therefore, if I say that I have ordered a carriage to take you and your sister to the station to-morrow morning."

"Well, that is cool," said Hiram, with a coarse laugh. "You will find, my lady, that we are not so easily put away from our own brother's house. When we got the despatch, we paid up our board with our furniture, thinking you would of course want a man to superintend about here. I don't suppose you grudge sister Judith a home here, do you?"

"I do not grudge you anything," said Mrs. Woodworth; "but you must distinctly understand that my home must be sacred from intrusion of any kind, and that you cannot come here again. Your conduct demands thus much, and I hope you will not force me to repeat what it has been painful but necessary to utter."

"Fine talking, ma'am, but not to the purpose. If we go away from your house, we shall take board round here somewhere; so you might as well have us here as in the next house."

"Go where you will," said Mrs. Woodworth, "but leave me."

"Surely, you will not distress my mother in this way," said Angela, softly. "You do not consider how much she has suffered."

"It is very rude in you, miss, to talk to your uncle in *this* way," said Judith Woodworth. "Girls were better taught in my time than to talk thus to people of his age."

Angela winced painfully at the word "uncle," and when Hiram addressed her mother as "sister Woodworth," Mrs. Woodworth absolutely grew faint.

"Never mind, Judith," said the man, "we can take some rooms at the hotel; and I am mistaken if the people round here don't talk enough about it to make them ashamed of turning us away."

"No, sir," said Mrs. Woodworth, "even that would not be so disagreeable as your presence here." And rising, she left the room, unable to bear the scene any longer.

The carriage was at the door the next morning, and Hiram seized the opportunity to ride round the town, and interrogate the driver as to his brother's property. The man was one whom the family frequently employed, and as Hiram told him of the relationship existing, he pointed out to him everything which he knew that the late Mr. Woodworth possessed; and finding his hearer interested, he drove round to a factory which he had established several years before his death, and which was said to be a great investment. It had so happened that Mr. Woodworth had privately sold his interest in this factory to a friend, who, for reasons of his own, did not wish the purchase publicly talked of; and the conveyance was made on a certain day of the preceding month.

As Hiram found that no attention was paid to his wants in the house, he hired rooms at the hotel opposite, for himself and sister, where they could overlook Mrs. Woodworth's house. In hiring the rooms, he mentioned Mrs. Woodworth's name as security. So glad was she to get them out of her own house that she would have willingly paid their board rather than to see them there. What a feeling of relief she experienced when she could sit down with no one save Angela! It was so much satisfaction—mournful as it was—to talk together of the departed; and how hard they tried to talk of him as he had often expressed a wish that they should speak of him, should he be taken from them. Only a few weeks before he died, he had said to his wife: "When I am gone, Mary, if I should be called away before you, do not sit down and mourn for me; but gather all things pleasant about you and Angela, and think that I still be with you in our home, watching, guarding, and loving you as well as ever—nay, better than ever." And it was thus that she tried to think of him, but it was too early in her grief-life, and she could only mingle her tears with her daughter. Now, indeed, did the daughter wear her character of Angel. She comforted and consoled her mother, recalling her father's words, and repeating the many promises which the Bible affords to the widowed and fatherless ones of earth.

One evening Mrs. Woodworth was more than usually depressed, and Angela had tried every method in her power to raise her spirits, and to give her consolation and strength. A loud ring at the door disturbed their conversation, and Mr. Hiram Woodworth and a stranger entered. As they pressed into the room before the servant, Mrs. Woodworth had no time to be denied. Without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, the stranger commenced speaking of Mr. Woodworth's family concerns. Amazed at this impertinence on the part of one unknown to her, she asked explanation in tones that could leave him no doubt as to her opinion of him.

"There is no need of saying anything unpleasant about this affair, madam," said the stranger. "Mr. Hiram Woodworth, with a delicate regard to your feelings, which, he declares, is scarcely to be expected after your treatment of him, has commissioned me to say to you, before carrying the matter into public notice, that he has in his possession a will written for your late husband by myself, and signed with his own handwriting, and which was, in all probability, the last act of the kind in which he was engaged."

Astonishment kept Mrs. Woodworth perfectly silent, and her visitor proceeded to inform her that he was a lawyer, that he had an office in a neighboring town, and that on the last day of the month of July, Mr. Woodworth came into his office, and asked him to draw up an instrument, purporting to be his will, in which instrument he made a large provision for his brother and sister, in consideration, as he stated, of his love and affection for them. This provision, he informed Mrs. Woodworth, embraced large portions of real estate, and covered in fact almost the whole of her husband's possessions.

Mr. Hiram Woodworth here dropped a few words, expressive of his regret in thus disappointing her expectations of enjoying her husband's entire property; but stating that it was his intention, in pursuance of the counsel given him by his friend and legal adviser, Mr. Callow, then present, to prosecute the affair to the uttermost; that he had already taken steps to prove the will, and that this announcement must be considered as definitive on his part.

Mrs. Woodworth rose hastily and left the room. Angela remained, but showed evident impatience to be gone. The visitors having accomplished their errand, departed, and her mother returned to the room to talk over the matter. That her husband had ever performed this strange action Mrs. Woodworth would not for a moment believe; but how to circumvent this plan of well-concerted villany was the question. The mother and daughter wearied painfully over it until long past midnight, and woke to new anxieties and trouble.

Mrs. Woodworth sent for a friend who was well versed in the law, but who had given up practice. To him she confided her troubles and her suspicions, and he promised aid and counsel as circumstances might require. Angela, who had always loved and reverenced Mr. Allerton and his wife, whose friendship it had been her father's pride and happiness to possess, comforted her mother with the hope that with such a friend she would succeed in crushing the plan which had been formed to injure her.

Occasionally Miss Judith Woodworth would come in upon their retirement, without ceremony, and wherever she came she tried to inflict a new sting. The coolness with which she was received almost maddened her, and she lost no opportunity of making some sarcastic or impertinent allusion to the anticipated loss of their property. She made a friend of an ancient maiden, who had taken up her residence at the hotel, and to her she confided all the slights which she fancied Mrs. Woodworth and Angela bestowed upon her. Miss Jerusha Wigglesworth having never obtained an entrance to the house of Woodworth, satisfied her spleen thereat by listening complacently and then suggesting new sources of annoyance to the family.

Slowly, slowly went away the summer. The garden was as beautiful as ever in its summer beauty; the trees were as green in their luxuriance; sunrise and sunset were as gorgeous as ever; but he, who had lightened all their cares and increased all their joys, was gone! "Not lost, but gone before, dear mother," said Angela. Her faith was so strong that the ascended spirit could know and sympathize with her grief, that it actually lightened it. To feel that he was ever near them, watching and loving, took half the sting of death away.

Every day they were expecting to have the matter of the will made public; but it was full three months after Mr. Woodworth's death before they knew anything beyond the visit of Hiram and his lawyer. The crisis came, however, and as there was no rebutting testimony, the will which Callow produced in favor of his client was considered valid.

Hiram's first act was to warn Mrs. Woodworth from the house. This was the hardest of all. In vain she tried to attain the fortitude necessary to enable her to bear this trial. Here she had passed so many happy years with her husband; here Angela was born, the comforter which Heaven had kindly sent to bless her in this very hour of affliction; here she hoped to pass her declining years;—and now to leave it! to have the rooms which were consecrated to her by the memory of her husband profaned by him who she knew was unjustly depriving her of her home, without the power, on her part, of resistance.

Autumn was approaching. Leaves had found their "time to fall," and the mornings and evenings were cool, demanding the comfort of a fire. Mrs. Woodworth remembered how intensely her husband had enjoyed the first bright wood fires, sparkling and glowing upon the hearth. She remembered the generous gifts of fuel to the poor and needy with which he had marked the season; and her heart swelled and her eyes filled with tears as she watched the fitful gleam of the fire as it brightened the twilight hour.

Angela sat by the window, against which a shower of leaves had fallen from her father's favorite English olive tree. Hiram Woodworth passed from the hotel across the street, and came to the door with an air of vulgar importance. He entered, and said to Mrs. Woodworth, who sat by the fire, absorbed in sad musings, "Well, ma'am, I trust you are preparing to remove from this house. My sister is quite tired of boarding, and as the winter is approaching we want to get settled. I suppose you have a house engaged. I understand there are several houses to be rented in town quite cheap for small families. There is one on the street, half a mile below this, with a shop in it. If you should think of doing any business it will be very nice for you."

"You will oblige me if you will not make any allusion to my affairs, sir," said Mrs. Woodworth, with dignity. "You have already interfered quite too much. I shall remove as soon as possible from your vicinity, until which time your presence will be considered an intrusion in this house."

"Very fine, indeed, ma'am! I am sorry that I did not have the pleasure of your acquaintance before my brother died. I should have given him some lessons to bring down your pride, I am thinking. Every time I see you I think what a fool he must have been to give you the upper hand. If you had married me, I should have kept you down a great deal better."

"Leave my house," said Mrs. Woodworth; "your presence is hateful to me. I will not hear my husband spoken of by one who is unworthy of his name."

"*My* house, ma'am, if you please. Natural enough, when you have said it so long, too; but please to remember my claims."

Mrs. Woodworth sank into the chair, almost fainting. She was wrought up almost to agony beyond endurance; and Angela, roused by her mother's distress, with a strength hitherto unknown, pushed the intruder from the room as he stood by the door, and hastily locked it.

"And now, dearest mother, what on earth shall we do? Hard indeed as it will be, do you not think that we had better remove from the house, where you will be freed from the presence of this man?"

"Perhaps so; and yet it is *so* bitter!"

"True, dear mother; and yet is it not best to meet these things bravely—to look everything in the face?—and where evil is inevitable, endeavor to bear it with fortitude?"

"Yes, my daughter, I feel that it is so, and yet I have not courage to act upon my conviction. Still I will try, for your sake, to do what I ought in this matter. Let us then find some place to-morrow, if possible, where we may live in peace."

Mr. Allerton—Mrs. Woodworth's friend—was sitting at home on the evening when the above scene took place, and talking to his wife of the unpleasant circumstances under which the Woodworth family were suffering. Mrs. Allerton's sympathies were awakened at once, for Mrs. Woodworth and daughter had stood very high in her estimation, and she sincerely regretted the change in their prospects. While they were speaking, Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, their next door neighbors, came in to pass the evening.

"We were just talking of Mrs. Woodworth," said Mr. Allerton. "As you have been absent so many weeks, Mr. Dunbar, perhaps you may not have heard of her unfortunate case."

"No, indeed. Nothing serious, I trust?"

"Nothing less than the loss of nearly all her fortune."

"You surprise me. Why, I thought Mr. Woodworth was very wealthy. I had no idea when he sold me the factory that he was so reduced."

"Sold you the factory! My dear fellow, are you serious? Did you purchase the factory of Mr. Woodworth?"

"I did; although it is the first time that I have mentioned the purchase to any one."

"When was this purchase made, Mr. Dunbar?"

"On the eighteenth of July. I had some reasons for not having it known at the time, and probably he never mentioned the transaction, as it was only a week or two before he died, and I have been absent a part of the time since then. It is likely, too—although I did not think of it before—that Mrs. Woodworth placed it upon the schedule which was carried into probate."

"On the eighteenth of July.—Excuse me a moment, Mr. Dunbar; I will be back instantly."

He took his hat and went immediately to Mrs. Woodworth's, where he found her talking over the painful subject. As soon as he entered, he inquired the date of the will of friend of Hiram Woodworth.

"O, distinctly," said Angela, that father came in on the last day that it was on that day that the up."

Mr. Allerton executed a grea Mrs. Woodworth by the hand, gels round the room until his fri insane.

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Time, "the healer of wound tears," has brought comfort and wings. The truest mourners ne

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And no season ever cometh whi back the dead to memory; to rea and but sweet. Even these mom the beautiful sentiment:

"Even for the dead I will not bled
My soul to grief; death cannot
For is it not as if the rose had
My garden wall, and blossomed

THE LITTLE JOK

In the good old times of Kent stantial justice was administered after a very free and easy man brought to recover certain mon was alleged plaintiff had been d ingenious operation known as In the course of the trial, pla who happened to be an "expert enlighten the court as to the s the performance. Putting him he produced the three cups and and proceeded, suiting the actio

"Then, may it please the cour placing the cups on his knee (for them so, offering to bet that my tell under which cup was the litt ing thereby, may it please the c with the intention of defrauding sum thus wagered. For instan the cup so, your honor supposes ball."

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"I'll go a V on that," said the jury. "And I, and I," joined i after the other, until each one ha paid.

"Up!" said his honor.

Up it was, but the "little joke ously disappeared. Judge and lightened, and found no difficult a verdict in favor of the plaintiff that it was the darndest kind o' d honor adjourned the court and a all round, in consideration of l from his wager.—*Recollections of Bar.*

ONE OF THE CIGA

A New York physician tells t story, and which we feel safe the ing for a fact:

Two or three years ago, a Spa came to that city to be treated the lungs. He came to Dr. M his symptoms, and put himself hands.

"Well," said the doctor, "if I cure, I shall be obliged to impose and that is rather a hard one for with."

"What is it?" said the Cuban

"That you entirely cease smok you permission to resume."

"Never! I'd rather let the What pleasure is there in life smoke?"

The doctor was a smoker hi some sympathy. So he said:

"Well, perhaps that is beyon But you must solemnly promis but one cigar per day, or I will your case."

The Cuban promised; it was h Four or five days afterwards the he would call upon the doctor by pa and thus save him a walk to the o He walked up stairs—knocked—behold the Cuban with a cigar inches long and a proportionate t confessed that he had that brand for him; "But doctor," said he, one a day, as I promised."—*Sunc*

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine is a *prim* looking ma face, short, gray hair, a slender fig of black. As a pen behind ha would look like a "confidential his face more character, and be you of Henry Clay. He has a fi nologically speaking—large and top, with a spacious forehead, and ment of cheek. *Prim* is the There is nothing in his appearance so remotely suggestive of the ter not even pale, and as for a rolling or a Byronic tie, he is evidently n think of such things. Romance, article he lives by, and, like other es to "sink the shop," at least w his portrait.—*Boston Atlas.*

Woodworth's, where he found her and her daughter talking over the painful subject of removal. As soon as he entered, he inquired if they could remember the date of the will as stated by the friend of Hiram Woodworth.

"O, distinctly," said Angela, "he said twice that father came in on the last day of July, and that it was on that day that the will was drawn up."

Mr. Allerton executed a great flourish, shook Mrs. Woodworth by the hand, and whirled Angela round the room until his friends thought him insane.

"Capital! Let him come on with the will! My dear lady, they cannot touch a hair of your head! You are as safe in your house as I am in mine! My friend Woodworth would have been the last man to have sold a possession on the eighteenth of July, and then have distinctly named it in a will on the thirty-first."

This was conclusive evidence enough, and calling in a neighboring lawyer, and sending for Mrs. Allerton and the Danbars, they passed the evening in talking over what was best to be done. The result was that the parties were arrested for forgery on the following morning, although Mrs. Woodworth begged hard for Hiram to be allowed to escape.

There was a feeling of relief blended with sorrow in the hearts of Angela and her mother at the termination of this affair. Relief that they were to remain in the home so dearly beloved, and sorrow at the wickedness which prompted a bad heart to seek to deprive them of its possession.

It is now a year since this event took place, and my Angel is as worthy of her name as when she wore the May crown; as pure, as lovely, and as dutiful. The memory of her father is cherished as fondly as ever, but the sorrow is softened and subdued. The consoler!—how well does she merit the name.

Time, "the healer of wounds and drier of tears," has brought comfort and healing on his wings. The truest mourners never forget that

> "It is better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

And no season ever cometh which does not give back the dead to memory; to remembrances, not sad but sweet. Even these mourners could utter the beautiful sentiment:

> "Even for the dead I will not blind
> My soul to grief; death cannot long divide,
> For is it not as if the rose had climbed
> My garden wall, and blossomed on the other side?"

THE LITTLE JOKER.

In the good old times of Kentucky, when substantial justice was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys, of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as thimble rigging. In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the little joker, and proceeded, initing the action to the word:

"Then, may it please the court, the defendant, placing the cups on his knee *thus*, began shifting them so, offering to bet that any clients could not tell under which cup was the little joker—meaning thereby, may it please the court, this ball—with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup so, your honor supposes that you see the ball."

"*Suppose* I see!" interrupted the judge, who closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why, any darned fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win. There aint no defraudin' thar."

"Perhaps your honor would like to go a V on it?" insinuated the counsel.

"Go a V! Yes, and double it, too; and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury. "And I, and I," joined in the jurors one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his honor.

Up it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the darndest kind o' defraudin'. His honor adjourned the court and stood for drinks all round, in consideration of being "let off" from his wager.—*Recollections of the Bench and Bar.*

ONE OF THE CIGARS.

A New York physician tells us the following story, and which we feel safe therefore as endorsing for a fact:

Two or three years ago, a Spaniard from Cuba came to that city to be treated for a disease of the lungs. He came to Dr. M——, described his symptoms, and put himself in the doctor's hands.

"Well," said the doctor, "if I undertake your care, I shall be obliged to impose one condition; and that is rather a hard one for you to comply with."

"What is it?" said the Cuban.

"That you entirely cease smoking until I give you permission to resume."

"Never! I'd rather let the thing kill me. What pleasure is there in life if one cannot smoke?"

The doctor was a smoker himself, and felt some sympathy. So he said:

"Well, perhaps that is beyond your power. But you must solemnly promise me to smoke but one cigar per day, or I will not undertake your case."

The Cuban promised; it was his only chance. Four or five days afterwards the doctor thought he would call upon him as he passed his house, and thus save him a walk to the office for the day. He walked up stairs—knocked—"Come in"—behold the Cuban with a cigar about eighteen inches long and a proportionate thickness! He confessed that he had that brand made to order for him; "But doctor," said he, "I smoke but one a day, as I promised."—*Sandusky Clarion.*

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine is a *prim* looking man, with a long face, short, gray hair, a slender figure, and a suit of black. Put a pen behind his ear, and he would look like a "confidential clerk." Give his face more character, and he would remind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine head, phrenologically speaking—large and round at the top, with a spacious forehead, and a scant allotment of cheek. *Prim* is the word, though. There is nothing in his appearance which is ever so remotely suggestive of the romantic. He is not even pale, and as for a rolling shirt collar, or a Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to think of such things. Romance, in fact, is the article he lives by, and, like other men, he chooses to "sink the shop," at least when he sits for his portrait.—*Boston Atlas.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Come, simular of joy, thy baleful hand
Spread, Disappointment, o'er these blooming flowers!
Come, that approach'st me with sweet aspect bland,
Fair, winning sadie, and voice of happy hours!
Come, fiend malignant! thy foul form reveal,
Thy dark, cold features, flinty bosom, own;
Show thy hard hand, that to the wretch can deal
For fish a serpent, and for bread a stone:
Come, thou shalt me, against thy will, befriend;
And, whilst thou shak'st each pillar of my heart,
And, whilst thou would hope's straining cables rend,
Thou shalt a steady Industry impart!
Inspire my idle pen—new nerve my force,
And send me—victor o'er thee—on my course.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IDA ELMORE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CLARISSA MANLEY.

"THANKSGIVING! Why should I keep it? For what have I to give thanks? I am alone in the world, bereft of friends, defrauded of every dollar I possessed. The winter has come, and I am without fuel, without warm clothing, without the most common comforts of life. Thanksgiving indeed! If I do not get money in a few days to pay my rent, I shall be turned into the street. I cannot get work enough to obtain a sufficiency of food, of the cheapest and plainest sort, such food as even beggars scorn.

"This morning a poor woman solicited charity of *me* who never knows what it is to have enough to eat. She told a piteous tale of the suffering of herself and child, and although I could not aid her otherwise, I resolved to share my scanty breakfast, my sole daily meal with her. I was very hungry, but I thought, 'here is one in greater need than myself,' and set before her the whole of my breakfast. She did not seem to relish it; but after eating a few mouthfuls left it, and took her departure, saying she did not like corn bread. Not like corn bread! I should be glad to get enough of it or anything else. I was not so fastidious, but eagerly ate what she rejected. I had felt a vexed with her, but I suppose she had seldom or never received so poor an answer to her petition for food; but I can now excuse her lack of appetite for what must have appeared to her a poor apology for a breakfast.

"It consisted of a thin cake of dry corn bread, and a cup of hot liquid which by courtesy I call tea; but as the proportion of leaves to water is very small, it is only a distant relation of the drink which so exhilarated the sweet poet, Cowper, and which is said to have such wonderful effect in unloosing the tongues and brightening the memory and invention of scandal-loving ladies.

"The kind colored woman, who occupies the other part of this poor dwelling, has just brought me a cup of *real* tea. She saw me looking dejected, and supposing I had a headache, prepared it for me. I need not say it was acceptable. Its fragrance did me good before I tasted it. I drank, and it seemed to remove a world of care. I had felt in such a despairing mood that I had begun to question the sinfulness of suicide. What had I to live for? Indeed, *how* was I to live? Would it be better to die of starvation, enduring the sharp and bitter pains which accompanied such a death—for I know by experience the gnawing, restless, miserable feelings attendant on hunger—or end life by some lethargic draught that would lull me to a repose never to be broken again in this world?

"But these gloomy thoughts faded as I drank, and when I had taken another cup, and some bread and butter which she brought me, they vanished altogether I did not feel so desolate; I had at least one well wisher, and Aunt Milly's kindness did me almost as much good as her tea. I reproached myself with ingratitude to God. I had said I had nothing to be thankful for. I thought of the thousands who were suffering pain and anguish, some of body, some of mind. *I* enjoyed health, I was in full possession of all my faculties. True, I was poor, miserably poor, but I might have been even worse off. I might have been ill. I might have had the consciousness of guilt and wrong, in addition to poverty, to weigh me down.

"God forgive me! I will endeavor to keep Thanksgiving in my heart, at least, if in no other way. I will try to force my mind for that one day, from anxiety and despondency. I will look at the bright side of things, and hope for the best. And now about the rent. I will sell my ring, my dear brother's last gift. It is hard to give it up, but it must be done; there is no other way, and this debt must be paid."

Ida Elmore had accompanied her brother, her only relation, to the city of A—— a few years previous. He had commenced business under very favorable auspices. His own and his sister's property, which was in cash, enabled him to undertake a large business. They had been in A—— but a short time when he died. His partner continued the business professedly for her benefit, but eventually wronged her out of every dollar. When she found herself thus defrauded, she applied to some of her brother's friends to interest themselves in her behalf; but, although justice was on her side, yet, as the decision of law was very uncertain, and she had no money to fee lawyers, they might be losers, and they declined to advance the necessary means. Shy and sensitive, she shrank from further efforts, but still hoped that a sense of justice might yet induce the wrong doers to restore her at least a part of the property, but this hope had proved vain.

Unaccustomed to act for herself, she knew not what course to pursue; and being repulsed in her efforts to obtain justice, she hesitated to ask advice from strangers, and withdrew from society altogether.

The money in her possession vanished rapidly in board and other expenses. She sold her watch and other valuables, and, thinking it would be cheaper to rent a room, did so, and endeavored by sewing to support herself. She could not earn much, barely sufficient to pay her rent and supply her with food.

She had retrenched her expenses in every possible way, but times grew harder, provisions grew dearer, rents were raised higher, and work got scarcer. She had diminished her weekly allowance of food, and used the scantiest supply of fuel. Her clothing was mended and altered in every possible way to make it last. But the rent! No economy, no self-denial, no retrenchment would avail with it. It was a fixed amount to be paid at a stated time. She might choose to go without food two days in the week, she might rap herself up and so spare her fuel, but time was inexorable; the days and weeks would roll on, pay day would come. She scrupulously set aside the requisite portion of each week's earnings for this purpose, and with the remainder, bought her cheap and simple food. Sometimes this was barely sufficient to sustain life, but she dared not encroach on the rent.

A week had passed without work, and the rent would be due two days after Thanksgiving. What was she to do? No wonder she was troubled. No wonder her nerves were unstrung. But Aunt Milly's cup of tea revived her spirits and inspired her with more hopeful feelings.

There had been at one time a mania for speculating in lots in a western town, and at the suggestion of an acquaintance who was going there, she had invested a small sum in this embryo city. It had proved a failure. Melrose, which had promised to eclipse New York, never advanced beyond a small village. Those who had speculated largely were glad to sell out at half price, although those who had actually settled there, still indulged in dreams of its future greatness.

Her brother, considering that her investment was small, did not sell out, although he gave Mr. Chester power to do so if he could advantageously. Now, in her urgent need, if she could realize even a small sum for it, she would be satisfied. Fifty dollars would supply her most pressing wants through this dreaded winter, and enable her to plan something for future support. She resolved to write at once to Mr. Chester, the agent who had bought for her.

The ring was sold, the rent secured, and money enough left to purchase a small supply of coal, and some provisions for Thanksgiving for herself, and the poor old black woman, who offered to cook her dinner for that day. She resolved to go to church, and then overlooked her wardrobe; it was scanty enough, but she was a skillful needlewoman, and altered and arranged her bonnet and dress to suit the prevailing mode, as nearly as she could. The day before Thanksgiving she swept and dusted her poor apartment with more than usual care, and placed the shabby furniture to the best advantage; it was so very shabby that it seemed lost labor to attempt to improve it, and she felt discouraged, but she promised herself not to give way to gloom, at least not until after Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving day came, and attiring herself with unusual care, she took her way to church. The song of praise sounded sweetly in her ear, the Scripture lesson read cheered her heart, and the eloquent sermon which followed, raised her mind above her own cares, and strengthened her in the resolution to battle against despair, and put her trust in God.

When she came home, she thought her room did not look quite cheerless. The fire burned brightly, the little table was spread with a snowy white though coarse cloth, and although there was no display of plate and China, yet the Britannia forks and spoons had been so highly polished by herself the day before, that they might have been mistaken for silver.

Aunt Milly had managed admirably with the small sum appropriated to the dinner, and soon set it on the table smoking hot. It was a feast indeed to the poor, starved lady, and she sat down to it with a thankful heart. It consisted of a tempting dish of beefsteak, one of mashed potatoes, one of hominy, and a loaf of beautiful wheat bread. Then for dessert there was an apple-pie with cream sauce. When had she sat down to such a meal? But this was not all; for after the old woman removed the dinner things, she brought in a tray with tea, cream and sugar, and a plate of delicious sweet cakes of her own manufacture.

The services of the morning at church, and at home the comfortable fire, the abundant meal, the exhilarating, cheering tea, and the determination she had made to combat despondency, had effected such a change in her countenance that she scarcely seemed the same creature.

Hope is almost as great a beautifier as happiness, and when Milly came in after a while to ask her to read a chapter in the Bible to her, she was astonished at the change. She had looked upon her as a feeble, suffering creature, ill calculated to struggle with adversity and hardship, and as such had pitied her; but now, she saw a pleasant, cheerful woman, with a smile on her lip, and hope in her eye, and had she been told that this lady had been called the beautiful Miss Elmore, in her native city, she would not have doubted it. She, however, had only known her as the poor, lonely white lady, who had now suddenly grown handsome on Thanksgiving day; and handsome indeed she looked, as she sat by her cheerful fire on that autumnal afternoon.

She wore a dark, merino dress, with wide, hanging sleeves, under which were thin muslin ones, finished at the wrists with deep, full frills; a neat muslin collar fastened by a bow of crimson ribbon encircled her white throat, and gave to the rather grave dress a cheerful appearance.

For the first time for many months, she had arranged her fine hair with taste; and beautifully its dark, glossy braids contrasted with the crimson blossoms which she had placed in its glossy folds. Her face was thin, but there was a little color in her cheeks, generally so pale and careworn. Her large brown eyes, usually so languid and despondent in expression, now looked radiant; and Milly thought she was beautiful.

And so thought another person that day, one who had seen her at church, and who thought he had never seen so interesting a countenance. Her attention had been so occupied with the services and with her own thoughts, that she had not seen the look of admiration with which he regarded her, nor did she know that when he afterwards joined a large party in one of the most elegant houses in the city, that all the display of beauty, enhanced by velvet, and satins, and jewels, could not obliterate the vision of the fair pale face, with deep, earnest eyes, in which hope and sadness seemed to contend for a mastery.

She indulged herself with the luxury of an entertaining literary paper, and in the perusal of its varied contents expected to spend a pleasant evening. She had been so long chained down to the dull and cheerless realities of life, battling for food and shelter, that she had had neither time, inclination, nor means for mental luxury; but now a new world seemed opening to her view. The story she had been reading was one of trials and hardships, but the strong will, and the cheerful heart, with the firm reliance on Providence, had triumphed over all obstacles; and she felt encouraged and strengthened in her resolution to try every plan she had formed, until she had succeeded, or until there was no hope. The glow of pleasure was on her cheek, and the brightness of hope in her eye when the old woman entered.

The chapter was read, some cheerful conversation ensued, and she was left alone. Alone, but not lonely, for she had a pleasant companion for the evening in her paper.

The next day she went to the post-office. It was hardly time to expect an answer, but there was a letter for her with the Melrose post mark. She opened and read it. A railroad had enhanced the value of land considerably. Mr. Chester had sold a part of hers to the railroad company, and now sent her a check for the amount, a thousand dollars. He had written to her several times, but directing to her former place of residence, had not received any answer. If she wished he could sell the remainder, but would not advise her to do so. Melrose was a very pleasant place, she would probably like to settle there, and she could build to advantage. She must come and spend the winter there, and then she could decide about her lots. His wife, who was an old acquaintance, joined cordially in the invitation.

A thousand dollars! Could it be possible that she who hardly knew how she should get her next meal, now held a thousand dollars in her hand? It seemed almost beyond belief. She felt richer than when she had been mistress of twenty times that amount. Then she did not know the value of money, because she had never felt the need of it, but now—

What plans she formed, as she walked from the banker's where she got her check cashed. She would accept the invitation so kindly and pressingly given by her former friend; and at least spend the Christmas holidays with them; and if she liked Melrose, build a small house on her own land, and live in humble independence. No more to dread the visit of the landlord. No more to wish for night, that she might forget the pangs of hunger in sleep; for in that fertile western country, the necessities of life were so cheap as to be within the reach of all, and she had learned to do without the superfluities. O yes, she would go.

She walked with a light step, and a happy countenance. Her plain dress did not give her a moment's uneasiness, although she had formerly shrunk from the real or fancied contempt with which the butterflies of fashion regarded her humble and well worn garments. Now she could admire the splendid dresses of the ladies, without contrasting them with her own; she was hardly conscious of the difference.

She felt so happy, she wanted everybody to participate in her happiness, and first, Aunt Milly must be considered. Her cup of tea had raised her spirits in her deepest dejection, and inspired her with the idea of writing to Melrose. She was very poor, but in her poverty she had thought of her, and shared with her her only luxury. She bought warm clothing for her, and ordered a supply of provisions for the winter. She saw two ragged little fellows looking wistfully in at the tempting cakes in a baker's shop, and inviting them in, made their hearts glad by a bountiful supply. As she came out she dropped her pocket-book, but unconscious of the loss walked on. A gentleman who saw the mishap picked it up, and restored it to her. She was so agitated at the bare idea of losing her newly acquired fortune, that she did not know whether she had thanked him, and turning to express her gratitude, found him earnestly regarding her.

Could he be waiting for a reward? If he had seemed poor, she would gladly have given him substantial proof of her gratitude, but— While she considered, he bowed and passed on. As he pursued his way he received many bows and smiles from the gay ladies who were out in unusual numbers and brilliancy on that beautiful day, and who were proud to acknowledge an acquaintance with Colonel Wentworth, for he was handsome, intelligent, a member of Congress, rich, and a bachelor; but the sweet, hopeful face and lustrous dark eyes of the plainly dressed woman he had just obliged, rendered him proof against all their charms, and he passed on in stoical indifference, or rather in speculating on the probability of seeing her again.

There was nothing to detain her in the city, and as soon as she had replenished her wardrobe, she left for Melrose.

In the cars she met the gentleman who had restored her pocket-book. The recognition was mutual, and when he learned that her destination was Melrose, and that she was alone, he offered to attend to her baggage at the places where they would change, telling her that he lived at a short distance from that town. She found her friends waiting for her at the depot, and she bid adieu to her fellow-traveller.

They both felt sorry when the journey was ended, for each hour had increased the pleasure they felt in each other's society, although neither knew the name of the other, and she was as much surprised to learn that her agreeable travelling companion was the distinguished Henry Wentworth, the great orator and statesman, as he was to hear that the apparently poor and friendless lady with whom he had fallen in love on Thanksgiving day, was the beautiful Miss Elmore, of whom he had heard so much in C., her native city, but whom he had never seen.

About a mile from the pleasant town of Melrose stands the elegant residence of the Hon. Henry Wentworth.

It is Thanksgiving day, and the mistress of the mansion stands before a tall mirror in a splendid drawing-room, while she twines in her beautiful hair a rare exotic, which her husband has just brought her. Its crimson petals bring to her recollection the simple verbena blossom with which one year ago she had decorated her hair, but under what different circumstances.

Then, the common little looking glass hung in a poor, mean room, scantily supplied with shabby furniture; it is all distinctly present to her now, the old wooden chairs, the trunk which contained her whole wardrobe, the bed with its coarse covering, the little pine table with its unusual mid day meal, even the tin candlestick on the mantel, all are before her now; and what a contrast to the lofty ceiling, gorgeous carpet, gilded mirrors, velvet sofas, silken curtains, and all the elegances with which wealth guided by taste had adorned the apartment in which she now stood.

The face itself which met her gaze, although the same, was yet different. Then, hope had just begun to dawn in her heart, and there were traces of sorrow and suffering, but now she only saw the reflection of a bright, joyous beauty. Then the face was pale and thin; now it was a perfect oval, and the brilliant rose blended sweetly with the lily, the large dark eyes shone like stars, and the coral lips disclosed teeth like pearls.

She remembered how lonely and desolate she was then, and now, she was the centre of the circle of attached friends, and more than all, the object of the almost idolatrous love of one of the noblest of men.

She had "remembered the poor," at that Thanksgiving season, and many hearts were gladdened by the timely presents of things needful for the occasion, and when she sat down to her own elegant table, she felt happier for the knowledge that through her others had been made happy for that day at least. She did not now ask: "For what have I to give thanks?" but "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits?"

TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The Sporting Review tells the following good story of Charles Matthews, the comedian:

'Tis now some five or six years past, that we were standing together at a front window of "The George," at Grantham, where we had slept on our way to Doncaster, when the grandiloquent announcement of "Coaches to all parts of the world," displayed in great gold letters, on a little office opposite to the inn, caught his keen eye. In a moment he directed our attention to the obtrusive notice; then pulling a face which instantly transformed him into a wizened little Frenchman of "the old regime," hurried down stairs and crossed the street. We followed to enjoy the fun.

There were several individuals of the genus Cadger lounging about the office, when "Monsieur" shuffled in, and, with a low bow to the book keeper, exclaimed that he "vish'd ver much to go too pla ace."

"Two places—certainly, sir—how far?"

"Non, non! non noo too pla-ace, but von pla-ace—two sta age."

"O! one place, two stages. Inside five shillings; out, three and six-pence."

"Non, non!" reiterated Monsieur, angrily. "Rise me in de book for Timboctoo."

"Tim what, sir?" asked the Jack in office.

"Timbocto," answered his tormentor.

"Timboc—Timboc—well, I never heard of such a place down this road. Did ther, Jack!" turning to the nearest cad.

"Preaps it's only his forrunneering pronunaision," suggested Jack.

"Timboc—Timboc," repeated the official, running his fingers up and down the index of a dog's eared book of roads.

"What county is it in, sir?" inquired he, at last, looking up with a seriousness which had nearly upset our gravity.

"Countee! Sacre blue! Vat you vant vid countee? I vant to go to Timboctoo—grate citee in de var center midil interior of Afreecar. Bah! countee!"

"Africa!" cried the office-keeper.

"Hafricker!" shouted the cads.

"Afreecar," repeated Monsieur.

"Bob doesn't run no coaches on that line of road now, sir," chimed in grinning Jack, nudging his fellow cads, who chuckled all like choking hens.

"Then, vat for vy you put up dere de 'coaches to all parts of de world,' eh?" exclaimed the pseudo-Frenchman, in a towering passion, whilst the poor office keeper seemed dumb-founded, and the cads roared out. "You say dat you vil take me to Timboctoo—dat you vil take me dere if I vil go. Vel I vil go, and you vil take me—you vil—I vil—I vil—you vont." And he went on smothering his victim in the very vehemence of abuse, and leaving him in a state of ludicrous embarrassment which was in nowise lessened by the uproarious laughter of his pals, and evident enjoyment of a crowd of listeners, whom his passionate expostulations had brought to the door.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

At the meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark, lately, Gov. Price, in response to a toast, made a speech, in which he related the following anecdote: "On the day preceding the night on which General Washington had determined to cross the Delaware and attack the British in Trenton, an Englishman in the neighborhood despatched his son with a note to General Rahl, to warn him of the approaching danger. The general being deeply absorbed in a game of chess when the note was presented, without withdrawing his attention from the game, thoughtlessly put the note in his vest pocket. After the battle the next day, when General Rahl was brought in mortally wounded, the note was found unread in his pocket.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

MARRIAGE AN EPIDEMIC.

A Pennsylvania editor says that marriage has broken out among his neighbors, and that it is spreading with frightful virulence all over the northern end of the country, carrying off hundreds of his subscribers. Hundreds of cases, he says, have come under his own observation, all of them hopeless; none seized, the victim is a case; the only thing that can be done is to call in a clergyman to prepare him for his fate. Having had the complaint before, is no protection against it. A widow who had caught it years before, and was slowly recovering from its effects, suffered a relapse, and is now lost beyond recovery. She has married a second time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

You may *glean* knowledge by *reading*, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by *thinking*.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

'TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS.

BY MARIAN A. DESMOND.

"'Tis home where the heart is;"
There's no home for me—
My heart it is broken—
Ah, why should it be?

The love that I gave thee
Thou didst spurn from thy heart;
Thy coldness has chilled me,
And now we must part.

Yet, loved one, I tell thee
Ne'er yet I must go—
Thou canst not forget me—
'Twas thou caused my woe.

"'Tis home where the heart is;"
And where is thy home?
Cannot thy heart tell thee—
Say, where does it roam?

"'Tis home where the heart is;"
A home I wish thee,
Where thy heart may have rest—
There's no rest for me.

May pleasures surround thee,
A heart be thy home,
May love with its kindness
Form that heart for its throne.

I would not another
Had sorrow like mine—
"'Tis home where the heart is,"
Thy home is not mine.

"'Tis home where the heart is;"
Then farewell to thee!
Thou never didst love me—
Then go—thou art free.

"'Tis home where the heart is;"
A home thou hast sought—
Thy heart may be there,
But with money 'twas bought.

"'Tis home where the heart is—"
And a home I shall find,
Where the heart that is in it
Will be true, warm and kind.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PHANTOM GOLD.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

JOHN WINTER sat alone in his office. The light of a solitary candle dimly illuminated the apartment, and gave to the worn furniture, the dusky walls, and the heavy law tomes lying upon the shelves, and reposing beneath a coverlet of dust, much the cheerful appearance of an ancient family vault, one of the occupants of which, personated by John Winter himself, had for a moment stepped from his coffin, with a view to a slight relaxation, and was now engaged in quietly meditating for his own private gratification and behoof.

He never raised his head from its downcast position, leaning on his shin hand, though the storm raged fiercely, and ever and anon the rain would dash wildly against the windows, as though bent on rousing his attention from the gloomy thoughts which oppressed him, and attract them to the merry, mad sport going on without. The wind shook the old building as though it would carry it from its strong foundation, and whirl it far off into the air, and still did he think and think on, and take no heed of it. Old doors in cavernous corridors banged to with a startling echo, and the sound traversed from roof to cellar, yet he heard it not. Crazy chimneys shook on high buildings, as the wind held them in its strong grasp, then staggered and fell with a heavy crash to the pavement below, and it could not disturb him. Even the rats came forth from their dark hiding places and rabbed unconcernedly against his legs, thinking him, most likely, a mere portion of the furniture.

And still John Winter thought and pondered on, unmindful and oblivious to all. Then of a sudden he raised his head with a jerk, and smote the table violently with his clenched hand. A rush of feet and a terrible scuffling and squealing announced that his obtrusive dumb friends had taken insantaneous flight, and now contended for the priority of immediate egress from the apartment.

He threw his long hair from his pale brow, and discovered a face lined and careworn; bearing the traces of age, yet youthful: old in heart, soul and spirit, but yet quite young in years A thread or two of silver also was perceptible in the midst of his jet black locks, and the deep wrinkles between his eyes betokened frequent painful thought.

"Am I a child, to sit thus, overwhelmed by the weight of my despair; or shall I vindicate my claim to manhood by shaking myself free from the thraldom of thought which is now holding me body and soul? What, though I have been driven forth from *her*, as though my presence was a pollution, and contamination was in the very air I breathed? I am not the only one who has discovered the haven of his hopes looming pleasantly in the distance, and suddenly seen the storm arise, which has shattered his stout bark beneath him, and cast him, struggling and breathless, down, deep down into the overwhelming ocean of misery and woe."

There was the utter recklessness of despair in the harsh tones and excited manner of this solitary man. He strode restlessly to and fro within the narrow limits of the gloomy apartment, and pressed his folded arms tightly across his chest, as though he would keep down the passions struggling fiercely there beneath. He paused for a moment in his walking, as though struck by a sudden thought.

"What is it that warms the fibres of the heart when it has grown chill and cold? What sends the blood with a warm rush through the sluggish veins, and lightens the step when it is heavy as lead?—nought but *wine*—generous wine! This shall be my solace, then, under all my present misery, and this my final Lethe of oblivion from thought. From the ruins of my parent's former abundance, I recollect there were a dozen or two of a rare brand saved—I shall find them in the cellar."

And seizing the light, with a hand trembling with the emotions tossing to and fro within his breast, he opened the door and issued forth into a huge old passage. The house had been the family mansion of the Winters for many past generations, and now, through the improvidence of one and the reckless speculation of another of the name, the last descendant of the line saw himself compelled to become a mere tenant in the habitation which first gave him birth. The building had passed into strange hands, and was now let out in offices, mostly to gents of the legal profession, among whom the name of John Winter was enrolled. The tread of gentle feet had once been muffled by rich thicknesses of rare carpetings—now the bare floors echoed dismally beneath the footstep, and here and there the boards were broken and decayed; a fitting emblem, John Winter thought, of his fallen and sadly changed fortunes.

He descended, shading the light with his hand, and at length stood in the vast cellars beneath the ancient mansion. It happened seldom that human step penetrated into these dark recesses; and the air was not unlike that of a vault wherein lay buried the accumulated dust of all who had from time immemorial been sheltered under the roof above.

Hidden beneath cobwebs and dust, where it had laid undisturbed most likely for a space of years as many as he himself numbered, John Winter drew forth the wine. To dash the neck of one of the bottles against the wall, and then to apply it eagerly to his lips, was the work of a second. Down, down he gulped it, as impetuously as only can the man who seeks forgetfulness in the alluring draught. He felt its effects instantaneously. It mounted to his brain, and joined with the intense excitement under which he was laboring, speedily gave him relief from his previous agony of thought. And as he again and again drank in the potent liquor, his woes became remembered but as a by-gone dream; the hideous gloom of the vault seemed now a fairy palace of delight; the rotten wine-cask whereon he sat, a princely throne, and the broken bottle in his grasp, a golden sceptre of sovereignty. He drained bottle after bottle, and dashed them as he finished them against the furthest corner of the cellar, and laughed with a maniac joy as he heard them crash against the mildewed wall.

What else transpired in that fearful orgy—alone with his madness, surrounded by dust and cobwebs and darkness, he knew not. The wine at length destroyed all vestiges of thought and recollection, and he sank down on the cellar floor, in all the helplessness of drunken slumber. And as he slept, the mysterious finger of the dream-god rested on his brow, and he felt himself transported afar off. Space became annihilated, and he knew that a living picture was presented to his gaze.

A miserable chamber, half workshop and half dwelling, a gaunt figure toiling at a lathe, the mere act of moving the treadle apparently a labor of the most difficult nature, the effects of sheer weakness, and this the result of black starvation! A woman dying on the pallet hard by, and children, with no traces of gentle childhood on the fierce young brows, prowling about the room.

"Note this," said a hidden voice, in his ear. "The hard earnings of the man, the bread denied to the wife and children, the money wrung from them for their wretched shelter, all combine to make up the sum you have yet to behold!"

Time and space again became as naught, and another scene was opened wide before him.

A woman dressed in the sable weeds of widowhood issued forth into the cold, bleak night, and striving with her thin shawl to shelter a shivering child from the embraces of the pitiless blast. Her eyes are raised despairingly to heaven, as she murmurs forth in anguishing tones:

"Homeless! friendless! hopeless!"

"The tears of the widow, and the sobs of the orphan," said the hidden voice, "these, too, combine to make up the sum you have yet to behold!"

One other picture.

A handsome apartment fitted up as a luxuriant sleeping room. Upon a magnificent couch, a man appears to be sleeping. By the bedside, another, from his appearance a servant of the slumberer. The parched tongue and unhealthy floridness upon the brow of him who reclines upon the couch would lead to the supposition that he labors under the crisis of some dread fever—the serving-man being entrusted with his care. Others are in the apartment, but sleep has overcome their vigils, and they are quite unconscious of the dreadful scene now passing. This man pours, with a trembling hand and pallid cheek, a powder into the cup containing an appointed draught. How eagerly he casts the paper which held it into the red blaze of the grate, and watches it until it is consumed to ashes. No wonder! a word of dreadful meaning is printed on that paper.

The man approaches the couch, and waking the sleeper, presents the draught. The sick man receives it, and then sinks back as if once more to slumber. Yes, it *is* slumber—that dreamless sleep to be broken only in the dread hereafter! He is poisoned—murdered!

"This alone was needed," said the voice, "to make up the sum you have now to behold. The steward *murders* his master, and thus conveys his riches to his own guilt-acquired hoards! Look for the last time!"

He seemed to be once again within the walls of the cellar, and a glaring light illuminated the former deep gloom. A figure bearing a resemblance to the steward of his dream, but now changed with the mask of age to a hideous old man, stood in one of the corners of the cellar, and pointed with his lean finger to the earth.

"Dig," said the voice, "dig and feast your eyes upon the sum needed to render your happiness complete. This alone was wanted to render the accomplishment of your earthly wishes final and secure. Dig, and take possession. Take it, and with it the remembrance that it is crime-stained and accursed! Take it, and with it the fate it may entail!"

And seizing the light, with a hand trembling with the emotions tossing to and fro within his most exhausted. He started to his feet and looked fearfully in the direction where he had beheld the motionless figure, dreading, yet expecting to see it still standing there, and pointing with its skinny finger to the earth beneath its feet There was nothing visible, and he pressed his hand to his head, and murmured, "Thank Heaven, it was but a dream!"

Taking the dim lamp once more in his nerveless hand, he sought again his solitary chamber. The storm still continued, and the first faint streaks of day had just began to appear, as he threw himself on a chair and pondered over the visions which had all night haunted him.

Strange that they should be so vivid, so unlike the commonalty of dreams. Every scene so perfect and so terribly real. And then, he thought to himself, the designated place wherein the buried treasure lay hid. But this he tried to scout as bordering too much on the ridiculous. That gold might actually have been deposited there was not absolutely impossible—but then, that its whereabouts should be thus revealed savored too much of superstition.

"Ah!" said he, with a deep sigh, "*could* it but prove true—*could* I but find myself the possessor of some goodly amount, how different might at this moment be my lot. The avarice of her father—Rachel's father, would then be satisfied, and he would open wide his arms to receive the very man whom he had driven with contumely from his door. But, pshaw! this is childish. I'll to-bed, and endeavor in sleep to forget my miseries."

He rose up, as if to act upon his last formed resolution, but paused again, and once more gave rein to his thoughts.

"It could do no harm to seek. I shall at least be then more settled in my mind, for these strange visions have completely overset my reasoning powers. What though it is only the resolve of a distempered brain!—no one save only myself could ever know of the silly infatuation."

And in his very indecision, before he had quite made up his mind as to what he really meant to do, he found himself standing once again within the cellar's gloom, and upon the very spot pointed out by the phantom of his dream.

The necessary tools were in his grasp; and with the former trembling at his heart, and the same agitation which had moved him so before, he began the task of digging. One after another the spades full of earth are cast aside; the perspiration stands upon his brow, and his breathing becomes thick and short. Deeper still—deeper still. His eagerness has now become intense, and he works with almost furious haste. Another and another spadeful, and the sound of iron meeting iron strikes upon his ear. Can he be mistaken? Is it merely some worthless substance imbedded in the damp earth, or is it really what it now stands revealed, a small iron box? He takes it in his arms, encrusted deep with rust, shakes it, and hears the unmistakable ring of *gold* within! He feels a sensation of dizziness in his brain—a sudden blindness, and a choking in his parched throat, and falls senseless beside his new found treasure, overpowered quite with the fearful excess of his emotions.

Rachel Keene.

One of the beautiful creatures bestowed by the Creator in his munificence. An angel upon earth; endowed with humanity's virtues, but innocent of humanity's frailties. A bright star shining lustrously even amid the gloom of the poor man's dwelling; or the priceless jewel beaming among the brilliants of a prince's crown. To her sordid father, even as the apple of his eye—to her lover, John Winter, the shrine of his deep idolatry—a gentle, mild-eyed, and most lovable woman.

John Winter's poverty, in the eye of old Sampson Keene, was the one grand drawback to his favor. This apparently insurmountable barrier removed, and he had no other objection to offer to his daughter's union with him. But the dream of his youth, the toil of his manhood, and the god of his old age, was Mammon; and a mere penniless adventurer, such as, to him, was his daughter's suitor, must not have it in his power to squander the fruits of his own life-long labor. A stern refusal and abrupt dismissal had ensued to the young man's petition, and the gentleman to whose happiness was thus to be forever blasted, bowed her timid head beneath her parent's will.

But now this was at an end, and the pretended heir of a distant relative, who was now on his demise the possessor of incalculable riches, no longer could be denied his earnest request. And so, with the blessing and approval of Sampson Keene, John Winter and sweet Rachel Keene became united by the binding tie of marriage.

The old man did not live long to witness their happiness, but was found one day lying by the side of his hoards, his gray head resting motionless upon the hard pillow of gold, and his cold and stiff fingers still clutching the glittering idols he had loved so well. Quite dead, yet even in his lonely agony insensible to aught but the pain of parting with his treasures.

And with the possessions of Sampson Keene, joined to his own strangely found fortune, John Winter was indeed a rich man. With a beauteous and loving wife, and every happiness that wealth could purchase, he should have been a contented one. But was he so? Alas, no! *The curse*—the prophetic curse clung to the ill-gotten gold, and he began slowly to discover that joy could never be purchased by its means. A lovely child sat at his knee, by the hearthside, looked smilingly into his face and called him father! The flower bloomed for awhile upon the stalk—was touched by the cold hand of the destroyer—withered and died; and the gold was worthless, twice worthless *here* to restore or to console.

Man's nature feels the touch of sorrow keenly, it is true, but woman's heart by the stroke, receives an undying wound. The fibres of her being are entwined about the object of her love, and parting severs one of the bonds that ties her to existence.

Even so it was with Rachel Winter. Her child's death had touched her deeply, none but herself knew how deeply. She never murmured against the unseen hand that dealt the blow, but she was crushed beneath its heavy stroke. She never repined aloud, but the pale and wasted cheek told too plainly the heart's agony, and the fatal hectic of the same ever and anon appeared to light up its marble pallor, revealing to John Winter that the utmost calamity his heart could feel was hanging threateningly over him. And *here*, too, he felt, as he gazed upon his dying wife, that his piled up gold was quite, quite useless.

It was night. The taper burnt dimly in the room where she lay, her head pillowed on his arm. She had been apparently enjoying a profound sleep, and he had sat by her side and eagerly watched her regular breathings, hoping—and yet hopeless, heart-sick, and still not quite despairing. She awoke, and looked him in the face.

"John, I have slept sweetly, and had, O, such pleasant dreams!"

"My own one!" he murmured, pressing her thin, white hand to his lips. "Dreams that will prove true? Dreams of remaining here to bless and comfort me for years and years to come? O, yes, say that it was thus!"

The smile faded not from her lip, and yet there was denial of his hopes in the gaze she turned upon him, and in the silence with which she continued to regard him.

"Pleasant, happy dreams," she repeated, "but not of those. Dreams of ascending from the scenes of earthly heart-aches and sorrow, and dwelling there!" And she pointed solemnly upwards.

He dropped his face upon the coverlet.

"Dreams," she murmured, passing her hand gently through and through his black and waving hair, "of endless happiness and peace, only to be found above! But not without *you*, John. These dreams were not of selfish joy. They were the perfection of sweet content. No link was wanting for their completion, and this alone it was, that rendered them so blissful. Are you listening to me, my husband?"

A long, heavy sob from his overcharged heart was the only reply he could make.

"Nay, do not be thus cast down. Our parting is but for a time, our meeting will be for an eternity!"

"No, no, no! This will never be," he cried. "A fearful fate overshadows me. I am forever doomed, here and hereafter—on earth and in futurity. The words of my dream now strike a nameless terror through my soul, and in my heart I feel their dreadful meaning. 'Take it, and with it the remembrance that it is crime-stained and accursed; and also with it, the fate it may entail.' These terrible sentences contain the seal of my despair—the assurance that the holy pictures you have drawn can never, never be fulfilled."

"Husband, what mean you?" said the dying woman. "Your words are riddles to me."

After a struggle to subdue his excited feelings, he proceeded to narrate truthfully all that had transpired upon the night when he became so mysteriously possessed of wealth. He stopped now and then to wipe the damp from his brow, and then once more went on with the fearful narration. At length all was revealed, and he looked into the face of his angel wife.

"You know all, now, and the dread consequences I have entailed upon myself. Tell me, then, thou that art standing so near to the verge of the far-off world, tell thy wretched husband that there may yet be hope of escape from the unknown fate that hangs above his head."

He gazed at her changing countenance, changing now with the hues of death, and earnestly listened for the sentence she would pronounce. Her lips moved, and he caught the whispered words:

"There is hope! The mercy of Beneficence can be obtained. The curse of ill-gotten gold wrung from the widow and the orphan, the wretched and the poor, *may* be averted by a life of restitution and devotion. So shall my dreams of happiness be fulfilled, and so shall there be in store for us the peace that passeth human understanding."

John Winter bowed his head as though an angel's voice had echoed through the room, and when he raised his eyes, his gaze was fixed upon the countenance of the motionless and peaceful dead.

The name of one who followed in the footsteps of the Great Master who went about doing good, was heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. Where there were suffering, want and poverty, there, too, was he, calm, gentle and pitying. Where were disease, and terror, and despair, there, too, was this man, with his pale face, and black, waving hair, undaunted, firm and resolute to the hard task which he had marked out for himself.

And when, as time wore on, and his jetty locks were of the snow-drift's hue, when his race was nearly run, and he lay upon the couch from which he was never more to rise alive, the sobs and wailings of a multitude of humble hearts went up as an acceptable offering to the throne of God's mercy. And those that stood close beside his bed caught the words of his expiring breath:

"Now may thy dreams of happiness be indeed fulfilled, my sainted wife, and there be in store for us the peace that passeth human understanding."

* * * * *

And the marble slab that covered the cold clay bore upon its surface the simple inscription:

"JOHN WINTER, THE PHILANTHROPIST."

The highest title in the scroll whereon is written the emblazoned honors of mankind.

NO IRON AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

It is mentioned as a singular fact by a scientific writer, that, while executing the most wonderful works—such as statues fifty feet in height, and weighing about eight hundred tons, formed of a single block of granite—the Egyptians were unacquainted with the use of iron. No iron has been discovered in their tombs, or incorporated with any of their works. But tools of bronze, hardened by some process with which we are now unacquainted, have been found; also swords of the same material, finely tempered, have been found near Thebes. The huge pieces of stone used in building are frequently found to be connected by wooden clamps.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Jester's Picnic.

The ladies of the congregation of Dr. Peddle, Edinburgh, lately determined to present the doctor with a pulpit gown. The doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church:

"The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown, but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I shan't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night."

Nobody came to object but an old lady. The doctor said:

"Well, Jannet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?"

"Aweel, sir," said Jannet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown."

The doctor said, and there was a significancy in the reply:

"You are quite right, Jannet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trousers)!"

That satisfied the old lady.

It is related of an aged minister, that he was once officiating for a congregation who retained the old custom of having the "hymns lined," so that all might sing whether they had hymn-books or not. The venerable man could not see distinctly, and designed to dispense with singing. To announce his purpose he arose and said:

"My eyes are dim, I cannot see."

The chorister, supposing it the first line of the hymn, started it with the tune of "Old Hundred." The minister, surprised and mortified, stammered out:

"I meant but an apology."

This, too, was sung. The minister, quite excited, exclaimed:

"Forbear, I pray, my sight is dim."

But still the singing continued, he giving for the last line:

"I do not mean to read a hymn."

Thus making a verse in spite of himself. The worthy old gentleman finally sat down in despair.

Here is a rather old joke, but finding it in the New Orleans Picayune, we once more send it round:

"Well, Cuffee," said a minister to his colored servant, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, massa, all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said he.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders dipped in ink had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the notes.

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the time you were preaching!*"

Liston was encored twice one night in the dancing song of "Lord Grizzle!" in "Tom Thumb," when he came forward to excuse himself, saying "he was so fatigued."

The audience hissed and laughed, and did not like the excuse at all. Later in the piece Grizzle has a combat with Tom Thumb, and another with Noodle, during which some wag called from the pit, "Don't do too much: you'll *fatigue* him."

The joke did not end here, for the following morning, when Liston went into the green room, he had the pleasure of reading the following bulletin stuck over the mantel-piece: "Lord Grizzle's physicians are happy to announce that his lordship has greatly recovered from his fatigue, and is doing as well as can be expected!"

Advice Gratis.—Be civil to the woman who bites the ends of her gloves.

In a balloon don't sit opposite to a man with long legs.

The loan of a loan office is best left alone.

Tell a woman nothing but what you want to be told again.

Those who live in glass houses had better pull the blinds down.

Before washing, see that there is a towel at hand.

If you have a lawyer for a next door neighbor, you had better not throw your weeds over into his garden.

A Pair of Spectacles.—"Madam," said the keeper at the gate of Kensington gardens, "I cannot permit you to take your dog into the garden."

"Don't you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings in the keeper's hand, "that it is a cat, and not a dog?"

"Madam," said the keeper, instantly softening his tone of voice, "I beg your pardon for my mistake. I now see clearly, by aid of the pair of spectacles which you have been so good as to give me, that it is a cat, and not a dog."

H. J. Finn in Boston, once, by way of puff for his approaching benefit, published these lines:

Dear Public, you and I, of late,
Have dealt so much in fun,
I'll crack you, now, a monstrous great,
Quadruplicated pun!
Like a *grate full* of coals I'll glow,
A *great full* house to see;
And if I am not *grateful*, too,
A *great fool* I must be!

In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said:

"My lord, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the sheriff, "where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

Mrs. Dubois, in describing an insane tom-cat, says, "He dashed under the bed, where he converted his eyes into two balls of phosphorus, his tail into a bologna sausage, while his voice assumed an 'unearthliness' that reminded her of the old scratch himself." She got him out of the house by shooting him with the slop-pail.

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child: at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good or never.

The Albany Knickerbocker is responsible for the following receipt to kill flies: "Take a boarding-house pie, cut it into thin slices, and lay it where the insects can have free access to it. In less than fifteen minutes the whole boodle of them will be dead with the colic."

Winebell, the humorist, tells a story of a dog, which undertook to jump across a well in two jumps. There are a great many people just like that dog—folks who think they can jump across a well in two jumps. They that undertake it, usually "bing up" down in the water.

"Who built the first home?" asked an ambitious schoolma'am of a bright little girl on exhibition one day.

"I don't know, ma am, but I guess Noah did."

"Why do you think so, my dear?"

"Because he is the first one I ever see read of."

It rained a deluge; Joseph reached home late; The bell long tugged, at last popped out a pate; "Who's that there ringing now?" squalls sleepy Bet, "'Tis I, you jade," says he, "I'm wringing wet."

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